N BULL, JUNE 14, 1930.
TOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1252.
Vol. XLVII.

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Watery lather lets the razor "slide over."

Erasmic lather holds the hairs up to the blade.

The Lather that helps the Razor

You know how it feels when your razor isn't "gripping." It means the hairs of the beard are not getting enough firm support from the lather.

The Erasmic Shaving Stick gives a superb close-creaming lather which keeps the hairs of the beard bravely facing the razor blade. That is why you can rely on a crisp, clean shave with Erasmic. Your face will be smooth and your skin healthy—thanks to the special soothing qualities of the Erasmic Shaving Stick.

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SHAVING STICK

In the Blue Tin 1/-, Refill 10d.
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FR. 169-111A

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/6, for Socks, etc. White 3/4, Grey 3/10, Mixtures 4/11 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds, etc. Egerton Burnetts, W.E. W'house, Wellington, Som.

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FREE OFFER.—Users of "LUX" are now offered—FREE—an attractive enamel holder for a "LUX" Packet, especially neat and convenient to hang in the kitchen or bathroom. Write for your Holder now to Dept. A.4, Lever Bros., Ltd., Port Sunlight, Cheshire. Mention John Bull when replying. The advt. appears on page 23.

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FREE.—WHITELEY CYCLE Catalogue "H" is offered in the advt. on page 24.

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FREE PATTERNS of CORK LINO are offered [illegible] PERRY'S PAGE 24.

FREE.—Send at once [illegible] SELFRIDGE'S LUSTRATED CYCLE [illegible] on page 27. Mention [illegible]

READERS' attention [illegible] STERLING BARGAIN [illegible]

BLANFORD'S TAILOR[illegible] is worthy of attention. [illegible] logue is offered.

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WORMS CURED.—Arth[illegible] are a Specialist a Positive [illegible] They cure most violent [illegible] the very cause of the worms' existence. [illegible] ing, no dieting, no [illegible] habits. Send 1/3 for [illegible] stamp for Free Pamphlet [illegible] 34 36, Codnor, Derby.

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SMOKING Habit con[illegible] improved. Wonderful te[illegible] J. B. R., 25, Cribbs [illegible]

FREE.—3 days' free [illegible] the wonder remedy for [illegible] cut out the coupon [illegible] and attach 1½d. stamp [illegible]

FILL in the coupon [illegible] advt. on page 21. [illegible] booklet, "The Charm [illegible] which should be in [illegible]

FREE.—Write for free [illegible] structive Booklet offered [illegible] on page 28.

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BEST prices paid for [illegible] Platinum, Old Gold and [illegible] Plates (not Vulcanite) [illegible] Nothing too large nor too [illegible] —Bentley & Co., 10, Wo[illegible]

ANY kind old gold, s[illegible] old false teeth, platinum [illegible] cash by return.—Bell's, [illegible]

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READERS' attention [illegible] advt. on page 27, in [illegible] are offered in a simple [illegible]

FREE.—3 "SHAVEX" [illegible] sample tube of "SHA[illegible] free offers appear in [illegible] on the Back Cover. [illegible] attach necessary stamp[illegible] free samples.

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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Frame is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if desired). LADIES' or GENT'S Model same price. Carriage Paid **£4:10:0**

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One Bolster Case to match, 20 x 6 in
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Coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, 73 x 94ins.
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White Bolster Case to match 20 x 10

IMPORTANT. By way of extra bargain we include a 14 Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through.

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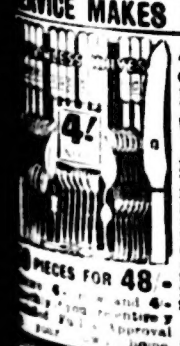

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2 Soft Woolly Blankets.
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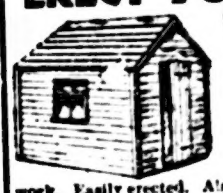

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[illegible] TEMPLE BAR 2468.
[illegible], LONDON.

JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, June 14, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

AN experiment that may have considerable influence on future industrial conditions is being carried out by one of the big multi-millionaire combines whose name we are not yet able to give.

Instead of three shifts of eight hours each four shifts of six hours each are being worked by a big producing firm.

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Employment is consequently being found for 33⅓ per cent. more men. The reduction of the overhead charges is expected to make the proposition a paying one.

The statement of costs and output for the experimental working period is now being prepared for the directors' consideration.

Jump to it

What progress is Miss Margaret Bondfield making with her promised enquiry into wages and conditions in the catering trade?

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We hope by without any definite information being forthcoming, and the matter is shortly to be raised once more in the House.

As our article on another page shows, some of the most sweated trades in the country. A thorough and public investigation is much more than overdue.

Weigh: and see

For the second time in his career Mr Ramsay MacDonald finds himself called upon to fill a Church see, the Bishop of Rochester having resigned owing to ill-health.

The only prelate so far appointed by the Prime Minister is Dr. E. B. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, who is just now at open warfare, not only with a section of his clergy, but with a judge of the High Court.

• • •

Therefore, more than usual interest is being shown in the impending appointment, and there will be some amount of anxiety in Church circles until the Premier's choice becomes known.

Stand clear!

We are disturbed by the Anglo-French situation. On the one side, Signor Mussolini has made some more than usually aggressive speeches lately, and on the other M. Tardieu, the French Premier, never loses an opportunity of insulting prominent Fascists living in France.

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Meanwhile, where does Britain stand? Are there any "entangling alliances"?

Our information is that the secret Anglo-Italian understanding is "off," and that efforts are being made for a renewal of the *Entente Cordiale* with France.

A plague on both their houses, say we.

Preliminary canter

The efforts which are being made to introduce the subject of Empire Free Trade to the Imperial Press Conference now sitting in London should not be discouraged.

Whatever we may think about Empire Free Trade, it is one angle on a great social and fiscal question, and who better fitted to discuss it than Imperial Pressmen?

Such a discussion would be a very useful preliminary to the conference of Imperial statesmen which follows in three months' time.

Our visitors are finding themselves a little overwhelmed by the heavy programme of functions prepared for them. They would probably welcome a quiet discussion on something useful rather than ornamental.

And they know pretty well what their public thinks about this particular brand of Free Trade.

Six-Hour Day—Four Shifts?

The Franco-Italian Cloud

Profiteering in Asylums

Up to Major J. J. Astor, conference chairman

Off the grass again

The Minister of Health has blundered badly in destroying the Bill to exempt playing-fields from rates.

It will mean the dissolution of thousands of amateur sports clubs, and, of course, it is the working-men's clubs which will suffer most.

A gesture?

Has the trans-Atlantic crossing of *R100* been delayed so that her arrival will coincide with the opening of the Welland Ship Canal—the longest in the world—on Dominion Day, July 1? We hope so.

The canal, which is the world's greatest engineering feat, was commenced in 1913, and extends for twenty-five miles between Lakes Erie and Ontario. It surpasses the Panama, and will lift vessels 139½ feet.

The potential advantages which the great waterway offers to British trade cannot be over-estimated.

Bedlam-de-luxe

It was comforting to some to be told by Earl Russell in the House of Lords that the licensee of a private asylum is entitled to charge "whatever he is able to get."

All the same, considering that patients are not in the position of people putting up voluntarily at a boarding-house, it is scandalous that they should pay as much as twenty-five guineas a week.

These Bedlams-de-luxe should be compelled to submit their accounts to an annual audit, as recommended by every member of the Royal Commission. Otherwise they should be abolished—and half the members of the commission, including the present Attorney-General, were in favour of that.

Guards—Dismiss!

It may now be taken as definitely settled that the end of the present financial year will see a reduction of the Brigade of Foot Guards.

While at least one battalion is then to disappear, there may well be two, but this is a matter that is not likely to be settled for some little time to come.

Arming Moscow

It is disquieting that tanks and armoured-cars are being made in Britain and exported to Russia.

Already the Board of Trade has granted licences for the export of forty tanks and twenty armoured-cars, and there is no suggestion so far that future exportations will be restricted in any way.

Mr. William Graham's excuse that the production of this warlike material brings work to British factories is decidedly lame.

Sunday theatres

The success of the Theatrical Garden Party depends almost entirely on the weather. If it rains, the "stars" shine in vain, and deserving theatrical charities suffer.

Why doesn't the Lord Chamberlain allow public performances to take place on a Sunday evening in aid of these objects?

If all theatres were allowed to open on Sundays the slump in the "profession" would be cured, and the need for charity lessened.

Polar bears

The Stock Exchange seems to be deliberately making things difficult for the nation.

The unadulterated optimism of 1928 has been superseded by unadulterated pessimism. No dealer can or will see good in anything. Prices for the most part have sagged to the "knock-out."

Yet from many directions come rays of confidence. A number of company chairmen have spoken favourably. One said openly the other day that the jobbers' prices on the Stock Exchange were no criterion as to the real value of the company.

Let other chairmen take note. Do not be unduly swayed by the Stock Exchange. It has lost touch.

Why not Russia?

It seems strange that, with so many of our shipyard-workers out of employment, Russia has been forced to place orders for ten new ships in German yards. Time and again orders from Russia have been turned away in this country.

Fortunately, we continue to receive orders for ships from Norway. The whale factory built at Belfast last year has been so successful that her owners have ordered another 25,000-ton ship from the same builders.

At the same time, they have given a Middlesbrough firm an order for nine vessels.

Tickets talked

Much dissatisfaction was expressed by Calcutta "Sweep" ticket-holders at the decision of the Turf Club not to publish the official list of drawers of Derby horses until after the race.

But it was the only practical way of scotching a scandal.

In past years there was an obvious inducement to the holders of tickets for hopeless horses to offer to split with small owners who would otherwise have scratched them.

Invariably the horses were left far down the course, to the chagrin of the guileless public who had backed them because of the long odds.

Spider and fly

The number of rationalisation schemes offered for consideration by the Bankers' Industrial Development Company, which the Bank of England controls, does not appear to be coming up to expectations.

And there is very good reason why industrialists are hanging back. This is that the Bank demands that complete control of any industry rationalised shall be handed over to it and to the financiers who are assisting it.

So industries which can just struggle along are hesitating to go in.

The hat trick

Three convictions in one week the first is Captain Walter Milns, whom we exposed in April last under the heading, "Startling Savings Bank Forgeries." Milns will spend the next seven years in jail.

Next comes Watson, the bogus wine-merchant, also exposed in April for selling coloured water as whisky. He has been sentenced to twelve months.

Finally, we have that so-called 'varsity graduate, George David Carter, whose forgeries we unmasked barely three weeks ago. He will be in safe keeping for six months.

It pays

In commenting on the approaching sixth Annual Advertising Convention at Hastings, Mr. Gordon Selfridge pays a great compliment to advertisement, which he says has become an almost vitally essential factor in the development of merchandise distribution.

He is right, and the best sort of advertisement is that of the Press.

Enterprise

Belle Vue, Manchester, the great pleasure-ground of the cotton towns, will register another big mark in its long history on June 28.

A hundred thousand guests, brought by road and rail excursions from two thousand towns and villages in the North, will enjoy a gala day.

They will celebrate the opening of the *Daily Herald's* new Northern offices, prior to the first printing of the paper in Manchester on July 7.

As a symbol of enterprise there will be a great procession representing the industries of the North.

"IF YOU SEE IT—"

(Continued)

The week's worst

Mr. H. M. Foord, of Barnet, Herts, is eighty-seven years of age, and served twenty-four years in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. In January he was awarded a meritorious service medal and £10 annuity.

Thereupon Barnet District Committee for Old Age Pensions reduced Mr. Foord's and his wife's old age pensions from 6s. to 4s. weekly—a cut greater than the amount of the well-merited annuity.

Incidentally, Mr. Foord contributed to an approved society for several years.

Finally, no pension at all has been paid since May 9—because the appeal is being considered.

Will someone in authority jump to it?

More human ponies

We have called national attention to the use of boys as pit-ponies to haul wheelless tubs in Somerset mines.

Some Forest of Dean mines also use the wheelless tub, though not the primitive "guss" or harness.

These tubs are used to convey the coal from the face to the main road by young men and boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. After a full week's work their backs are rubbed bare of skin.

And for this brutalising labour they are paid from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 9d. per shift. At any price the work is a degradation of our common humanity.

Counting the dead

From official reports about tuberculosis and innumerable complaints by readers we know that hygiene is considered less important than packing crews into the least space on many ships.

Action in the Mercantile Marine awaits the completion of "a review of certain months of statistics" by the Board of Trade.

But they go on dying of T.B.

Trap the trappers

There has been recently a revival of the use of springs, traps, and gins for birds. The use of these cruel traps is punishable by law.

The steady diminution of birds native to Great Britain, such as falcons, buzzards, owls, and kestrels, is a matter of grave concern to all lovers of the countryside.

The pole trap is peculiarly cruel. The victim may hang by the leg in agony for days before released by the trapper—or by death.

Being mostly set on private property far from public view, it often escapes detection.

The truth is easy

Cardiff's industrial insurance commissioner has been called on recently to investigate charges against assurance companies of evading their obligations to insurers.

Most numerous were cases of denial of any surrender-value on forfeited policies.

We shall be greatly surprised if any JOHN BULL readers were among the sufferers by this illegality; but for the benefit of new readers we repeat that our Industrial Assurance Bureau will advise on all problems.

Jobs in Mayfair

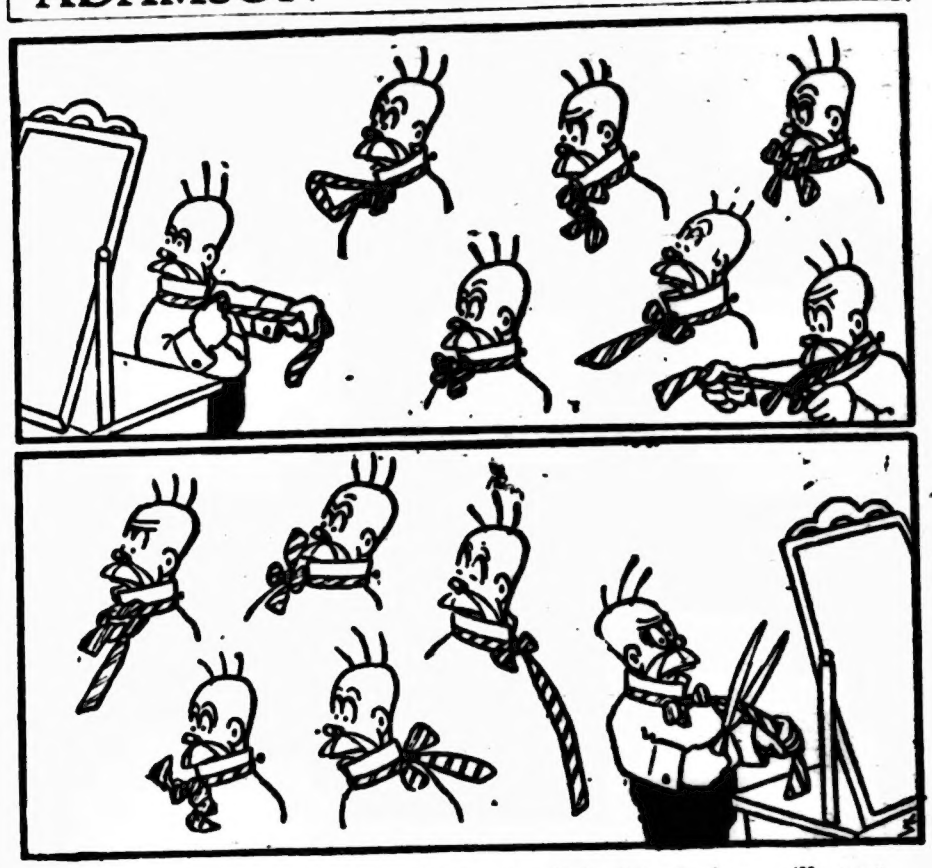
Recently there has been a serious increase in the number of bogus domestic agencies in quiet country towns.

Housewives are lured by glowing advertisements to write for further particulars, the principal one turning out to be a preliminary fee of a few shillings.

Maids are enticed to pay fees for jobs in Mayfair!

Other agents send round fictitious lists of maids.

ADAMSON— *Makes his Bow*



PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS.—Our little friend above will creep straight into the hearts of JOHN BULL readers. "Adamson," the creation of Mr. Jacobson, the great humorous artist, whose work has given joy all over the world, is a very human little person. His frailties, his disasters—out of which he always comes smiling—his simple, homely philosophy are deliciously comic. "Adamson," which means all the sons of Adam, is the fellow who smiles through life. The above is the first of a series which will be presented week by week exclusively to JOHN BULL readers.

Hard-shellbacks

The traffic in bogus seamen's notes is reviving.

A man named Louis Bland, posing variously as an employee of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., and the British Tanker Company, has already been active in Manchester, Liverpool and Derby.

Some of the worthless notes he has passed have been for as much as £10.

Readers should watch for this bogus seaman, who is about forty-eight years of age and speaks with a marked Cockney accent.

The exile

Here is part of a letter from an Englishwoman living in Lawrence, a town in Massachusetts, U.S.A. It speaks for itself:

"Fred was out of work seventeen weeks, and it took every bit I had to keep us. I am in debt, which I never was before in my life.

"He has gone to work again, but he only makes nine dollars, and I pay five for rent, so that leaves us four for gas, electricity, food, clothes, and all other things too numerous to mention.

"I feel just blue enough to jump in the river, and I wouldn't be the first one in Lawrence either. There is no such thing as unemployment funds here.

"It is all graft. No one gets along for long unless he has someone at the back of him. I don't know what will become of us. . . ."

Her £200

We congratulate Mrs. R. Martin, of 45, Victoria Road South, Southsea, on winning £200 in the recent Quick Preservene Soap Competition.

The winning coupon was sent from JOHN BULL, and since we have not the pleasure of greeting Mrs. Martin as a winner of one of our own competitions, we are glad at least to have been the messenger of the gods.

Cautious

Statements have been circulated to the effect that the Calmette prophylactic treatment for tuberculosis, which recently caused the deaths of sixteen infants in Lubeck, Germany, is being employed in this country.

The Ministry of Health denies this.

All the evidence for this treatment has been carefully sifted by the Medical Research Council since 1925.

Two representatives of the council are now in Lubeck enquiring into the recent tragedy, and they are not likely to be over-hasty in accepting easy reassurances.

Films to the flames

Will Sir Dawson Bates, Minister of Home Affairs for Northern Ireland, tell kinema exhibitors and renters the exact meaning of his new regulation,

What DOES *it mean, Sir Dawson?*

which gives him the power to seize and destroy films or make forced search of films?

Is it meant to cope merely with Red propaganda, indecent films, or does it mean vexatious interference?

A good many people are anxious.

Always "up"

Tenants of new houses are complaining of the lack of co-operation between Whitehall local authorities and gas, light and water companies.

The muddle caus[es] expense builders, adds to rat[es] and mak[es] houses too dear for the [aver]age wage[r].

Take, for exampl[e] a certain London estate. Roa[ds] were made years ago, when bui[lding] began.

Then, first come th[e] sewers, next water mains, after [that] the light, then the gas.

Whole streets were [dug] up to lay telephones. It w[as] then discovered that street-lighting [was] necessary.

This cock won't fight

The Preston Co[uncil] Magistrates have queer ideas [of] fitting punishment to the [crime].

Two gipsies were [fined] for cock-fighting birds were badly injured about [the] head and bleeding from the e[yes].

Inspector Chamle[y] said the bu[sy] would have been dis[posed] to one the "schools" inter[ested] in promising "mains."

The gipsies were fi[ned] £10 each.

A new classic

An ingenious fraud [was] practised by a scholarly-looki[ng] individual who passes as Kenneth [Ian] Michael Chumley, an expert [on] valuable religious works.

He goes to exclusive [book]shops, selects a number of valu[able] books, pays by cheque, and [arranges] for the purchases to be del[ivered] as soon as his cheque is clear[ed]. It never cleared.

But while brows[ing] through the shelves he steals a [rare] book. In London recently he [got away with] a book worth £100.

Ironical

America, home of [the] high-tariff gospel, will stage in A[merica] the first import exhibition to be held in any part of the world.

There is something [ironical] in this, and we are not surpri[sed to learn that] the price of sites is ex[pected to rise]. We should not wonder if [they] eventually given away.

Nevertheless, it is [hoped] the American Governm[ent will] British merchants to [display] goods in the wealthies[t] world.

Brave folk

"I don't want a s[ilver] it," said Patrick Wilm[ot] Suffolk Street, Sunde[rland] was discovered by a [man] after having rescued [a] a blazing house.

Not knowing of W[ilson's] his brother-in-law, F[rank] rushed into the buildi[ng].

The crowd waited [for] and then Mr. and Mrs [Wilson] 4, Back Suffolk Street, [ap]peared in turn dragging Airson's unconscious body.

This reads like a H[ollywood] but it happened at Sun[derland]. Happily, none of these l[ives] was lost.

Come home to roost?

Has sleepy-sickness [come] to the Nene Valley Poultry [Farm] Doddington, Wellingb[orough]? certainly seem so.

Advertisements have [appeared] ing day-old chicks [for sale] from four to twelve w[eeks] ous people have had [difficulty] in securing satisfactio[n] parted with cash.

Norbury Park, Surrey

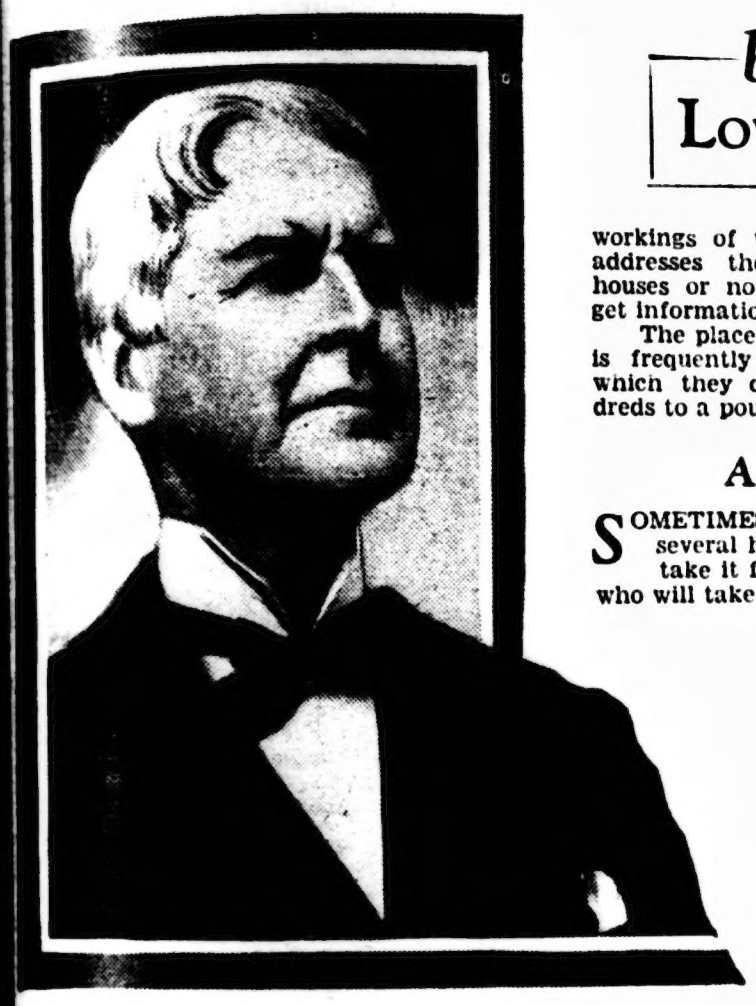
In our issue of Ma[rch] that a bit of open c[ountry] had been purchased [by] and was being offered [for sale] about £280 per acre.

The facts are that [Norbury] bury Park, Surrey, h[as been] through the public-[spirited] Mr. W. M. Willcocks, [to the] Surrey County Coun[cil] to its preservation for [ever] if the value of all the [building] land were neglected. [The] not exceed £64 per ac[re].

We willingly offer to Mr Willcocks our apologies for our mis[statements].

Shameful Traffic in BABIES

by J. A. LOVAT-FRASER, M.P.



"I am a merciless enemy of the baby-farmer." An exclusive "John Bull" photograph

ONE of the most painful trials at which I was ever present was that of Mrs. James, the baby-farmer, at the Swansea Assizes. That dreadful woman took a baby, a few hours old, from the mother, suffocated it on her journey to her home in the train, and hid the body under a mattress.

The landlady of the house in which she was staying found the dead child, and Mrs. James was tried and executed.

She had been a systematic baby-murderer for years, and had the hardest and most cruel face I have ever seen.

The experience I got on that occasion, coupled with other experiences since, have made me a merciless enemy of the baby-farmer.

For it is still true that the law permits baby-farmers to live and flourish. The law permits them to carry on their nefarious traffic with impunity and profit.

Provincial newspapers publish the advertisements of baby-farmers, offering to take children for a premium and giving no name or address—nothing but a box-number or letter exchange.

Children are handed over to these anonymous sharks, who work in secrecy and darkness, and what the end of the child is no one knows.

Shame—and fear

THE creatures who carry on the trade in infants find an easy prey in the miserable mothers of illegitimate children. They batten on the fear of these unhappy women and on their desire to hide their shame.

The event which brings happiness to the young wife is dreaded by the prospective mother of the illegitimate child. She passes through months of dread and anxiety, shunning discovery and harassed by fears for the future.

When her child is born and she most needs wise counsel and assistance, she becomes the victim of the baby-farmer, too often thankful if she never hears of her offspring again.

It is not easy to trace the underground workings of the traffickers in babies. The addresses they give are sometimes empty houses or non-existent. It is often hard to get information as to their actual whereabouts.

The place they fix for taking over the baby is frequently a railway-station. The sums which they demand vary from several hundreds to a pound or two.

A dreadful mart

SOMETIMES a child will pass through several hands. The first baby-farmer will take it for £50, and pass it on to another who will take it for £25. The second will pass it on to a third who will take it for £10.

Perhaps the child will die; perhaps it will be abandoned; perhaps it will be consigned to the Poor Law institution.

In the institution, at all events, it gets food and clothing and attention.

Money does not always pass when children are taken over. The little ones are sometimes accepted in order that they may be exploited and used as unpaid drudges.

They are starved and neglected, and left, it may be, to live in cellars—growing up without education and human affection.

It has happened that those whose duty it was to protect children have unwittingly consigned them to a life of degradation and shame.

An Infant Life Protection visitor handed over a girl of ten to a couple who had applied for a child. In 1925, when the girl was nearly sixteen, an inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who had heard unpleasant rumours, made enquiries as to the girl's life.

It was found that the couple were unmarried; that within three months of receiving the child the man had taken advantage of her; that intimacy had continued during the whole period; that the girl had given birth to a baby which had died through neglect and had been buried by the man in his garden.

At the assizes the man was sentenced to five years' penal servitude on a charge of manslaughter.

It is astonishing how long the baby-farmer may carry on the traffic with impunity. Four years ago a woman was prosecuted at the Glamorgan Assizes for wilfully giving false information to a registrar of births and deaths concerning a child in her care.

Her record was investigated and revealed. She had been married four times.

In twelve years she had taken twenty-four children. Six children died in her custody. Six were removed by their parents because of ill-treatment or neglect. Three had been removed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and two had been removed by the police.

The Acts which deal with the protection of children are the Children's Act of 1908 and the Adoption Act of 1926.

After the first Act was passed, it was found in course of time that there were many abuses which it did not stop. In 1926 the Adoption Act was passed, and many people thought that children were at length safeguarded from harm.

This, however, was a mistaken view. The Adoption Act enables people who wished to adopt children to do so, if they first satisfy a court as to their *bona fides*, and show that the step proposed to be taken is in the best interests of the child.

But the baby-farmers would never dream of coming to court to adopt a child.

A new Children's Act is urgently required, and promises have been given that, as soon as the claims on the time of Parliament permit, such a measure will be introduced.

There are many able men in the House of Commons who would readily and actively assist in putting such an Act on the Statute-book.

Parade them!

THE law as at present requires that a person taking a child for reward shall give notice within forty-eight hours to the local authority. This provision allows cunning baby-farmers to slip through the net.

People taking children should be required to give notice to the authority before taking a child at all, so that the officials should know all about the child from the start.

The person taking the child should be required to satisfy the local authority that she is a fit and proper person to maintain the child, and should be duly licensed to do so.

The authority should be kept fully informed of the child's movements and whereabouts.

All managers of maternity-homes should be required to give notice to the local authority when an infant is placed out to nurse from the home. This would prevent the placing of children with unlicensed people.

Hospitals, convalescent homes and institutions established for the protection and care of children should be subject to registration and inspection, unless the local authority has exempted them by special resolution.

Every licence and exemption under the Act should be renewed each year. Conditions may so change or circumstances may so alter as to make it advisable to withdraw the licence or exemption.

The most important step of all is to deal with the advertisements offering to take children which appear in the newspapers.

The Press in London refuses to insert the advertisements of baby-farmers, but there are provincial newspapers that still insert them in their columns.

No more secrecy

ADVERTISEMENTS respecting the adoption of children or the taking of children should be prohibited unless the advertiser can produce a licence from the local authority.

Newspapers receiving such advertisements should be required to send copies of them with the name and address of the advertisers to the local inspector for Infant Life Protection.

There should be no secrecy or concealment in the conduct of those who deal with the children.

One of the greatest preventives of wrongdoing is publicity. The open light of day, which reveals all things, enables men to see and to act, and, if necessary, to condemn and reform. "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance."

Fed—the dogs!

TWO women, named Grice and Graham, received two children, aged five and two months, and were paid £20 in one case and 12s. 6d. a week in the other.

The women bred Pekingese dogs, and the puppies received the milk and food bought with this money while the infants went hungry.

"John Bull" exposure, May 3.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Twa MacDonalds

Hail! to a Young Inventor—Confound that Mayor! To Fight the Cancer Curse

Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD, M.P.,
Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
Inverness

GENTLEMEN,—I address you at the capital of the Highlands because you will be, in a few days, fellow-Freemen of that beautiful town.

It will be a gathering of the clan. For the sitting member for Inverness is Sir Murdoch Macdonald: and, Mr. Baldwin, your mother was a MacDonald too.

It will also be a gathering of the Parties, since Sir Murdoch is a Liberal.

May I hope that when you meet together on the great day—Freemen to stand or Freemen fa'—the idea may occur to you all simultaneously that you are Freemen of a greater thing—of Britain—and that conceivably you might all work in harmony for awhile to save your country from collapse?

JOHN BULL.

Sir HAROLD DELF GILLIES, C.B.E.,
56, Queen Anne Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR HAROLD,—The knighthood conferred upon you in recognition of your valuable services in the treatment of facial disfigurement will revive a warm glow of gratitude in the heart of many an ex-Service man.

Thousands there are, horribly maimed by warfare, who, thanks to your almost miraculous achievements as chief plastic surgeon to the Ministry of Pensions, are able to hold their heads high, showing only honourable scars.

JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY,
British Youth Hostels Association

DEAR SIR,—Your scheme to provide hostels or other simple accommodation for hikers and bikers all over the country is admirable.

In my youth how I should have rejoiced to know that wherever I went in Britain for my holiday tramp or push, I should be able to put up for the night decently and cheaply and with congenial companions!

Splendid! But as few taboos as possible, please. Your hostels must be at least as free from Mother Grundyism as an ordinary hotel.

JOHN BULL.

Master JASPER DEANE,
Salford, Lancs

MY DEAR JASPER,—Many years before you were born there was a sort of legend that if a man laid himself flat between the railway lines a train would pass over him and leave him unharmed.

Whether you had heard of it or not I don't know, but you displayed wonderful courage the other day in putting it into practice.

Only twelve yourself, when your playmate, aged ten, fell from a bridge on to the line, you rushed down and laid yourself on top of him in front of an oncoming train, so saving his life.

It must have been uncertain to you whether the train would pass over two as well as one, but you took the risk.

I am proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.,
36, Great James Street, London, W.C.

DEAR MISS WILKINSON,—You display rather a dangerous brand of feminism when you declare that you regard as all to the good anything which makes a married working woman discontented.

The greatest breeder of discontent is idleness, and that is just what so many of the wealthy wives who have everything done for them and whom you stigmatise as grossly overpaid are suffering from.

The best of them turn at last for happiness to the very self-sacrifice which you characterise as the working woman's greatest vice, and find it a virtue which brings it own reward.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. H. PRITCHARD,
Middlesex Hospital, London

DEAR BENEFACTOR,—Hearty congratulations for your gas-detecting apparatus! At the age of nineteen you have done something which will save the lives of thousands of miners.

I trust that the Miners' Federation will persuade the Mines Department to make the use of it compulsory in all mines.

The Government's recognition of your service to the community—a grant of £50—is pitiful. If you had done something spectacular, but comparatively useless, you might have been in the Honours List.

But that won't worry you. You pulled off that little thing. And now you will try to pull off something else.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor R. WINTERBOTTOM,
Mayor of Nelson

SIR,—As an English mayor, you owe allegiance to the English Crown. In opening the Empire Shopping Week you recognised the existence and value of the Empire.

Yet you stated that you would not preside on that occasion if the band played "God save the King," "Rule Britannia" or "God bless the Prince of Wales."

Confound your impudence! What right have you to hold office under a King whom you thus publicly affront?

I am glad anyhow that the band had enough sense of humour to play "Mucking about the Garden." For you are a jobbing gardener.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. H. WHITLEY,
72, Burton Court, Chelsea, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that they have appointed you chairman of the B.B.C. You have been Speaker of the House of Commons, and so you know how to rule and yet keep your mouth shut—an admirable combination.

You also had full experience of what interested six hundred very ordinary men—in the way of brains, I mean—and what sort of comedy, high or low, made them laugh.

It is likely, then, that your programmes will suit the man in the street.

Above all, you will hate long speeches, of which you have had your fill. You will cut out most of those boring lectures, won't you? We can *read* them, you know. And we don't.

JOHN BULL.

LORD KNOLLYS,
Hon. Treas. Mount Vernon Hospital

MY LORD,—I wish you God-speed in your appeal for help. The decision of your hospital to place all its resources at the disposal of the medical profession in its task of fighting cancer is a big step forward.

But even so, the need for greater effort to fight this deadly scourge is obvious.

And, in any case, your hospital, with its Empire-wide activity, must be maintained fully provisioned and equipped.

You ask for £200,000 to tackle your new task; and you will need every penny of it.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

SIR MONTAGUE SHARPE, K.C.: "Housebreaking is the curse of the country."
Those cheap houses [illegible]

SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE: "The people of Wales are incurably modest."
Even when Sir William is talking they don't put out their tongues.

LORD ELIBANK: "British nurses are the best in the world."
Right! And how little recognition they get from the powers that be.

SIR ROBERT BLAIR: "Education is not sufficiently varied."
That is true. But does anyone know what we mean—that what's meat to one boy is poison to another?

Not from the B.B.C.— ***Sir Montague Sharpe, K.C., Middlesex Sessions Chairman, sings***

When the Highbrow goes a-Burgling

WHEN upon the Bench I sit
I don't specialise in wit,
But I scatter round
Wisdom of the choicest breed;
In each utterance lurks the seed
Of a thought profound.

Knowledge in this way I learn,
And can well afford to spurn
Those who scoff and carp,
Talking through an envious hat.
Though my gibings may be flat,
I, at least, am Sharpe!

Those who enquire whether I am as sharp of intellect as I am of name and tongue will be answered—yea, verily. And anyone who suggests that I might be more dignified still if I was more often silent will be disregarded.

Despite the outcry which has arisen, I have no intention of withdrawing the observations I offered to a wondering world from my seat at Middlesex Sessions when I sapiently remarked: "It seems to me that the more education we have the more burglaries we get."

Admittedly, the poet Longfellow has stated—not that what a poet says is evidence—that "things are not what they seem." But they keep on seeming so to me.

Besides, I have worn a wig long enough to have discovered that when an occupant of the Bench clears his

throat and starts: "It seems to me. . ." the reporters seize their fountain-pens in anticipation of a Great Thought, and to-morrow seems rich in promise of paragraphs in the Press.

This latest little effort of mine seems (to me) to have been particularly successful. It was nicely displayed with several headlines, and ever since it appeared people have been asking me to quote statistics in proof of my statement.

They point out that crime is steadily decreasing, and bombard me with paragraphs about empty jails which the authorities would be glad to turn into skating-rinks [illegible] the incurably loquacious.

But I am not going to be hampered in the free expression of my opinion by a lot of petty facts. "What I have said I have said," and I am even prepared to say it again in rhyme:

Education for the mass
Is the day-dream of an ass
And will always have
approbation.
When the young to read
The experiment is fraught
With the very gravest
nation.

If a youth learns how
Then the time is well
When cheques he'll
a hobby;
And statistics go to
That if girls are taught
Work is never lacking
"Bobby."

But I haste to state
Observations don't apply
To the class that
Recorders.
Education is for these
Quite a different
Free from dangers
lower orders!

LLOYD GEORGE

40 YEARS AN M.P.

by A. G. GARDINER

HIS five ages: Young lawyer, pro-Boer enthusiast, rising politician, Prime Minister and —to-day

Our readers tell their thoughts of LI. G. on page 30

If you had chanced to be in Carnarvon forty years ago to-day you would have found that remote town in a state of unusual excitement.

For a young and unknown rid of the people, with not more an a pebble in his sling, had routed Philistine of the landed aristocracy d won a dazzling victory for the dicals in the Conservative stronghold of the Carnarvon Boroughs.

You might have been excused if you d discussed the affair as a flash-in-e-pan, such as often occurs at by-ections.

This young man, a struggling lawyer ill in his twenties, without money, thout influence, with only such education as he had picked up at a village-hool, had gone up like a rocket and uld probably end as a rocket ends.

Most potent actor

You would certainly not have essed that you were witnessing as mentous an election as any in his-y, and the beginning of the most tonishing political career in modern mals.

That is not an over-statement of e fact.

At the end of forty years the young, ck-haired, bright-eyed victor, his ad now covered with a shock of ite bardic locks, is still Member for e Carnarvon Boroughs, with a record continuous service that makes him ther of the House as well as its most lustrious Member, ex-War Minister, -Chancellor of the Exchequer, ex-emier.

In the interval he has been not rely a national figure, but a world ure hardly less significant than that Napoleon a century ago.

He has been the most potent actor the greatest war in history. He s been one of the chief architects of peace treaty that has reshaped the rld for good or evil.

He has been the inspiration of a cial revolution at home. He has en the idol of the Radicals. He has en the idol of the Tories.

He has broken a great historic Party fragments and tried to piece it to-ther again.

His portrait has been hung in the ace of honour in the great temple of beralism. It has been cast into the llar in a fury of resentment. It has en resurrected and restored to the ace of honour. It may yet return to e cellar.

Estates squandered

For the future of this extraordinary an is as incalculable as his past is wilderment. He has had all Parties s feet in turn, and all Parties at s throat in turn.

He has squandered his political estes with the prodigality of a Jubilee inger, and his path is littered with e wreckage of political Parties and litical friendships.

At sixty-seven he is left with the emnant of the Party which once worpped him, then anathematised him, d which now follows him suscously, doubtfully, distrustfully.

Yet still in spite of his impoverishent, he is the most formidable perality in the House of Commons, his rts of witty and incisive speech unralled, his mastery of the arts and afts of political manœuvring unated, his power of keeping the world ondering what his next move will be diminished.

Military experts tell us that Napo-n's strategic genius never shone re brightly than in the campaign of 1814, when his armies were shattered and he was hemmed in by his enemies on French soil, and with a political genius like Mr. Lloyd George one can never be sure that he is quite at the end of his tether.

Let panic come, and his power of appealing to the mob, and his love of swift, dramatic action might still bring him to the centre of the stage.

For he is essentially a demagogue and a direct actionist. In Russia he would have outwitted Stalin, and in Italy he would have anticipated Mussolini.

He has no reverence for principles which impede free action, and he has a very acute dislike of Parties which, with their caucuses and "platforms," impose bit and bridle upon their leaders.

Constitutionalism means little to him, and though few men have managed Parliament more adroitly, he would rather rely upon a fluid and unorganised public opinion, controlled and manipulated by the Press.

In no respect does he recall Napoleon more than in his cultivation of the Press as an instrument of government.

From those far-off beginnings at Carnarvon forty years ago he saw the importance of "a good Press," and no politician in history ever knew so many journalists or was so assiduously attentive to them.

Prolonged the war

It was the backing of the popular Press which made him the dictator of Parliament during the war, and it was the newspapers which created the legend of the "little wizard" who alone could win the war.

That legend is probably now established as indisputable history. Personally, I think it is highly disputable.

I do not question the value of much of the service which Mr. Lloyd George did, especially in the early phases of the war.

But after he had overthrown Asquith and made himself practical dictator, his mistakes were gross and palpable. They prolonged the war, and on two occasions, at least, gravely imperilled the issue of the war.

Nor was the part he played in the Peace Conference one that the world can be grateful for.

By failing to co-operate with America he made France the dictator of the peace, with all the evil consequences that we have suffered since.

If he had acted on the maxim of Nelson, "Go at your zenith," and had quitted the stage in the blaze of glory that fell on him at the close of the war, his place in history would be more brilliant than it promises to be now.

For nothing that has happened since the war has added to his fame, and much that has happened has detracted from it.

The history of his Coalition Parliament is a squalid chapter in our annals that we remember with humiliation, and the "Coupon" election in which, to use Asquith's word, he "assassinated" the Liberal Party, was an act of political treachery that would be difficult to parallel.

That act was not made more respectable by the fact that, having, three years later, been made to "walk the plank" by the Conservatives, he floundered back to the ship he had wrecked, nor by the episode of the Lloyd George Fund which has hung like a curse over the later fortunes of the Liberal Party.

That that Party will ever recover from the deadly blow he dealt it in 1918 is doubtful. That he himself will never lead it back to victory is certain.

May "come back"

But it does not follow that his own career has no more surprises in store.

He has always fought for his own hand, and is most adroit when the waters are most troubled.

They are troubled now, and are likely to be still more troubled in the future.

And with his still unimpaired vitality, his incomparable Parliamentary gifts, and his skill in political manœuvre, he may yet, as they say in another walk of life, "stage a comeback" which will re-gild the now fast-fading halo of "the man who won the war."

What Use are—

POETS?

by OSBERT SITWELL

FROM the point of view of the poet, the question takes on a slightly different form, especially when one has been described as "a stormy petrel of literature."

Poets are invariably the butt of the wit, the cynic and — the unthinking. They rank with beer and mothers-in-law as objects of the humorous journals and the music-hall.

Yet every faculty of perceiving and feeling is the result of poetry used in its fullest and most general sense.

The duty of the poet is to give eyes to those who wish to see the beauty of things; and the duty of people is to try to see that beauty.

He cannot give statues eyes, and if people will not understand—well, neither the poet nor any other artist can give them sight.

But the poet does not lose his use because of that.

In this respect the Americans are ahead of us to some extent. That is, they are more honestly cultured, for the excellent reason that they are more genuine.

There seems to be an ingrained hostility to the arts in this country. Our national tradition is a professed hatred of posing, and association with the arts always lays one open to the charge of being a poseur.

This in itself is a pose, although an unconscious one, for we are a nation of poseurs.

Not so the Americans. A business man over there will set out on a genuine quest for treasures, precious books, pictures, with the frank avowal that he knows nothing whatever about them.

In England the fetish of amateurism has spoilt everything. A chauffeur will consider himself entitled to discuss and criticise poetry just as freely as I do.

On the other hand, I would be at equal liberty to discuss cars of which I know nothing.

In the States it is the expert in his branch who gets the hearing. And poets are of equal value to the community as the chauffeur.

Crooked Portia's WILL FRAUDS

USUALLY criminals are content to ape one another's methods and to follow old tricks in imposing upon the public.

In a class apart, however, we must place a clever woman of thirty-four, who, passing by various aliases, including that of "May Vincent," works on strikingly original lines.

She is always elegantly dressed; she drives about in a Renault car, attended by a smart male secretary, who passes as "Mr. Thomas Johnson."

This couple recently drove up to a house in Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, where Johnson alighted with businesslike efficiency and proceeded to explain the nature of their mission.

Miss Vincent, he confided with dignity, was a lady solicitor—a falsehood, of course—who was anxious to interview the householder on a matter of great importance

"Uncle in Australia"

It had been deemed inadvisable to give previous notice of her impending call, as the householder would appreciate in due course. Such was his pompous style.

On being invited inside, Miss Vincent at once took command of the proceedings, and, in a highly portentous manner, informed the householder that she had been interesting herself in the unclaimed estate of a man who had died some years before in Australia.

The deceased, she had reason to believe, was the householder's uncle, but she hastened to give her assurance that her interest was far more personal than professional.

The deceased man's affairs, she went on, had been entrusted to a solicitor who was none too honourable.

Indeed, she regretted to confess that the attitude of too many of her professional colleagues towards the wills of people dying abroad left much to be desired.

She had consequently decided to interest herself personally in the claims of people who should really benefit in this particular case.

After asking all manner of questions as to age and family history, Miss Vincent finally declared that she felt confident that the Sutton Coldfield woman was the real heiress to the Australian estates.

Solicitor to the Board of Trade, Sir Thomas Barnes, C.B.E., should set Somerset House at work

This confidence was respectfully shared by her secretary, who had meanwhile been busily examining sheafs of official documents.

Miss Vincent seemed unusually delighted that she had thus achieved her object.

Slur on solicitor

Her pleasure, she disclosed "in confidence," was due to the fact that the information she had gathered at this interview would enable her to frustrate those who had been mishandling the estate.

Handing over a document, drawn up in convincingly legal fashion, Miss Vincent went on to say that she would like the householder to keep it by her until she was communicated with again

Having thus won the full confidence of their prospective dupe, the eminent woman solicitor and her secretary departed, without asking for even a penny in the way of fees

As a parting injunction, the woman was advised to study the document carefully, and to jot down any further particulars that might occur to her regarding her earlier ancestors in readiness for when Miss Vincent called again—which would probably be within a few days.

Miss Vincent and her secretary returned in two days' time to say that, aided by the particulars they had gleaned on their first visit, they had made further investigations at Somerset House.

Visions of wealth

As a result, they were satisfied that the will lodged there was a forgery, and it was imperative that the householder should accompany them in their car to Cheltenham at once.

The woman innocently complied, and on driving through Cheltenham certain property was pointed out to her as being her rightful heritage.

There were shops, too, bearing her own surname, so the story, in view of all that had gone before, seemed plausible enough.

Then the bogus woman solicitor played her last card.

To contest the legality of the will at Somerset House, she declared, it would be necessary to act within twenty-four hours, and a further sum of money would be needed.

She herself had already spent a great deal, and much regretted that she could not help further.

Unsuspectingly, the trusting woman handed over £20 that she had saved for rent and taxes believing that it would be money well spent.

After this, Miss Vincent and her secretary drove away, and from that day to this the Sutton Coldfield victim has heard no more from them.

This is only one of dozens of similar coups.

At the very time Miss Vincent was scheming to rob the Sutton Coldfield victim she was likewise scheming to rob a lady at Tettenhall

In the Tettenhall case she varied story slightly.

Calling with her "secretary" upon widow who lives in a lonely cott with two orphan children, Miss V cent posed as a cousin of the dece husband.

Her own father had just died declared, leaving her £2,700 out t were also bequests of £400 to widow and £350 to each of the c dren.

Documents which she prod seemed to bear out this story

She added that a solicitor friend hers in London, was dealing with matter, but she had decided to down to see the Tettenhall solicitor herself because she realised that were probably quite unversed in formalities.

In widow's cottage

The whole story was a wicked fa cation, but it induced the widow part with all her savings. In actu she gave Miss Vincent and her se tary free board and lodging—until disappeared from the district.

While this plot was in progress couple made the widow's humble tage the centre of other operation

When she went to the police her unhappy story the widow amazed to learn that May Vincent known as a notorious adventuress.

May Vincent frequently arranges an accomplice to take apartments an intended victim to get to know about their pedigree.

Another favourite trick is for a victim, whom she has already dec bled, to accompany her to a neighb ing town to find a lawyer who will clude formalities.

On the way, she suggests that negotiations had better be left to and so persuades the dupe to let have the necessary fees in readi for handing to the lawyer.

Mask of innocence

Then, feigning illness in a street, she swoons to the ground. disappears while the victim is trying find a doctor.

May Vincent is one of m aliases, which include May Har Maria Vincent, May Baker, Mar Jarvis and May Jones.

Towns where her forgery is part larly well known include Walsall, C nock, Tipton, Coventry, Rugeley Birmingham.

Tall, dignified, and with an intim knowledge of the law, she is the person one would suspect as a ruthl adventuress, which perhaps explai why she has remained at large so l

May Vincent is "working" the Walsall area. Mr. J. J. McShane, the local M.P., would stop her roguery if he could

The Meanest Kind of ROAD ROGUE

WHEN a Canterbury hotel porter recently advertised for employment he received a personal visit from a benevolent gentleman who gave the name of Mr. J. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson explained that he had been motoring through the district and, chancing to see the advertisement, had decided to break his journey.

He was, he declared, the proprietor of a big hotel at Tunbridge Wells, so, providing the porter could produce satisfactory references, he would be prepared to engage him right away.

As it happened, the man was able to show the highest possible credentials. Mr. Anderson thereupon told him to consider himself engaged and to pack up his personal effects on the spot.

This the man did, while his new employer looked on. He was rather in a quandary as to what to do with a wireless set and gramophone he possessed, but Mr. Anderson quickly set his mind at rest.

He would personally reimburse him to the extent of their value and arrange to have the articles collected later and sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, in which he was interested.

So, simply taking his light luggage with him, the hotel porter accompanied his new employer to the waiting car, and together they set off for Tunbridge Wells.

They put up for the night at a modest wayside hostel, and the porter slept peacefully, serene in the thought of having secured a post with such a benevolent employer.

But when he came down to breakfast on the following morning he was astonished to find that Mr. Anderson had departed earlier, leaving him to settle the bill!

And when the puzzled porter felt in his pocket he found that his wallet had disappeared.

It was discovered later that his gramophone and wireless set had been "collected" by Mr. Anderson, but they certainly never reached Dr. Barnardo's Homes, whose honoured name had been flagrantly misused.

Nor is this Canterbury victim alone in his sorrow. All over the country other men have been similarly duped by this fly-by-night employer.

GIRL WIFE Chained to a BIGAMIST

...ently used the name of ... Marie Burke (above), the musical ... star, and stole by an ...ing trick the valuable watch ... Miss Florence Desmond

A GIRL in the twenties chained to a bigamist, a dissolute ruffian, and all the King's courts can do nothing for her.

In few words that is the shocking fate of Rose Browne.

The child of cultured, middle-class parents, this girl had no suspicion when she first met Vernon Browne, a handsome Australian, at a London hotel one day.

The friendship ripened between them with no foreshadowing of tragedy.

Browne, a well-educated and polished man of thirty-four, confided that he belonged to a successful Australian importing and export firm, and had recently come to London to take charge of the English side of the business.

Debonair rogue

He greatly impressed her mother by his gentlemanly bearing and seemingly In due course he mar-

Vernon Browne's stories ...ding business ventures ...without question, for he ...ed to be a very busy ... frequent trips to the

...he had extracted con... of money from his ... Brown suddenly dis...

...word behind him as to ... and all efforts to trace ...

...lice, to whom his dis...ent for aid, could do ...t hint that she had ... hands of an unscrupu...

... the police are helpless, ...y of dealing with adven...re's type. Tidings were ...about him in a most un...

Theatre plot

... close of last year, when ...omantic of light operas, ...t Prince," was being ... Southampton, prior to ...duction at the Picca... handsome man, named ...d, descended upon the

...ed at a local hotel as ...d journalist, a part ... up to by spending long ...hotel writing-room on the ...filling "commissions" for ...gazines.

...ade the acquaintance of ... Desmond, one of the ... "The Student Prince"

He greatly impressed various members of the company by pretending that he was very interested in the production and was geting it some excellent Press notices.

When the show opened at the Piccadilly Theatre, Mr. Blackwood visited Miss Desmond there one day and begged her to do him a small favour.

He had decided, he said, as a mark of his appreciation of the brilliant performance of Miss Marie Burke, the Australian musical comedy star, who was filling the leading feminine rôle, to present her with an expensive diamond-studded watch.

Mr. Blackwood recalled that, as Miss Burke had often admired the beautiful diamond and platinum watch worn by Miss Desmond, perhaps the latter would not mind accompanying him to a jeweller's so that he could select a corresponding article.

Miss Desmond good-naturedly agreed and went with him to Messrs. Johnson and Dymond, the auctioneers and valuers in Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

There Mr. Blackwood requested his companion to take a seat while he went on in search of the proper department, borrowing her wrist-watch for purposes of comparison.

He did not return. Later he disposed of Miss Desmond's valuable watch elsewhere.

There are two entrances to the premises of Messrs. Johnson and Dymond, and the suave Mr. Blackwood had calmly walked straight through.

Another girl

Peter Blackwood is no other than Vernon Browne, and his audacity in inveigling himself into the same circles as such distinguished people as Miss Florence Desmond stamps him as a most dangerous and resourceful rogue.

After Miss Desmond had lodged a statement with the police in this case other complaints began to pour in from

Browne was sentenced by Judge Holman Gregory, K.C.

Bristol, Southampton, Liverpool and London.

In all these places, it seemed, people had been deceived by a good-looking man, who was found to be Browne, alias Blackwood, and who is no stranger to a prison-cell.

With a callous disregard for his dupes—particularly for the young girl he had married and so wantonly deserted—he has imposed upon yet another young woman, Muriel Fry.

Representing himself to be a single man, he went through a bigamous marriage with her, for which he was recently sent to jail by Judge Holman Gregory, K.C.

But the real tragedy—the awful iniquity of it all—is revealed in the situation of the young girl whom he first deceived into marriage.

Dire discovery

Browne is a bigamist, but under the divorce laws of this country a woman cannot gain freedom because he is an incorrigible rogue *or because her husband has committed bigamy.*

When Mrs. Browne recently went for aid to the Poor Persons Department of the Royal Courts of Justice she was told all this to her added sorrow.

Before she can hope to escape her present crucifixion evidence must be available that her bigamist husband, no matter how shameful a scoundrel he may be, has actually committed adultery.

Poor Mrs. Browne must prove beyond all doubt that her rascally husband and the deluded woman with whom he contracted a bigamous marriage had actually lived together as man and wife.

But, alas! she cannot do so without entailing considerable expense.

Clearly the law should be altered to render an act of bigamy sufficient ground for divorce.

Man with a Golden Smile.

MANY who Listen-in to the Midland Regional Station at Birmingham must have heard the tenor voice of Mr. Philip Taylor, 81, Sarehole Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, a singer in the well-known "Cathedral Quartette."

Fortunately for him, Mr. Taylor was not broadcasting on the evening of May 30, for he had just received the biggest shock of his life.

Whilst at his work that morning as a telegraphist in the Birmingham General Post Office, he was suddenly called over to an adjoining instrument.

He passes on a "Bullet" secret

"Here's a message from London coming through for you," said his colleague.

Gradually, before his eyes, the long, paper ribbon spelt out JOHN BULL'S message that 2,500 Guineas had been awarded to him for the "Bullet"—MAN WITH A SMILE—"TAKES MEDICINE."—GIVES "TONIC."

• • •

"I was first attracted to 'Bullets' about three years ago," Mr. Taylor told our representative.

"Several minor prizes came along," he continued, "but although none of them exceeded £1, they proved to my satisfaction that I was on the road to something bigger.

"There is this important point I'd like to pass on" is his message to unsuccessful competitors "'Bullets Bulletin' has been mainly instrumental in assisting me to get nearer the type of 'Bullet' required."

Mr. Taylor is a man with a wife and two little daughters to share the benefits of his success. Already, he said, he had made many plans for using his 2,500 Guineas prize to good advantage.

"Winning this wonderful prize," Mr. Taylor concluded, "will allow me to educate my little girls in the way I should like, but could not normally afford."

Do you realise to the full what a "Bullets" First Prize would mean to you? There is another substantial cheque waiting for a few words on page 35 this week.

£550

Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-Word Competition No. 65.

Correct solutions in Cross-Word No. 65 were received from the following fourteen competitors, who will, subject to the conditions of the contest, divide the £500, each receiving £35 14s. 4d.

J. H. Barker, 4, Litell Royd, Streethouse, Nr. Pontefract.

Mrs. J. Brander, 1, Havelock Road, Marlands, Southampton.

Mrs. L. Brewster, 48, Marlborough Street, Gainsborough.

C. Brown, 91, Chester Road, Northwich, Ches.

A. J. Dearness, 33, Waterloo Place, Swansea.

W. Fielding, 119, Husband Street, Miles Platting, Manchester.

Mrs. J. A. Gill, Elgardene, Banklands, Silsden, Nr. Keighley.

H. Holden, 15, Burry Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

T. Hunt, 53, Barker Street, Huthwaite, Mansfield.

Miss A. P. Munden, 9, Montague Place, Cotham, Bristol.

A. Peach, 64, Empress Road, Kensington, Liverpool.

E. S. Riches, 12, Eyam Woodlands, Grindleford, Sheffield.

W. Rossitter, 13, Law Street, Sudden, Rochdale.

O. Smith, 80, Macdonald Rd., Leicester.

Solutions containing one error were received from 78 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving 12s. 10d., and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Another £500 X-Word appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!

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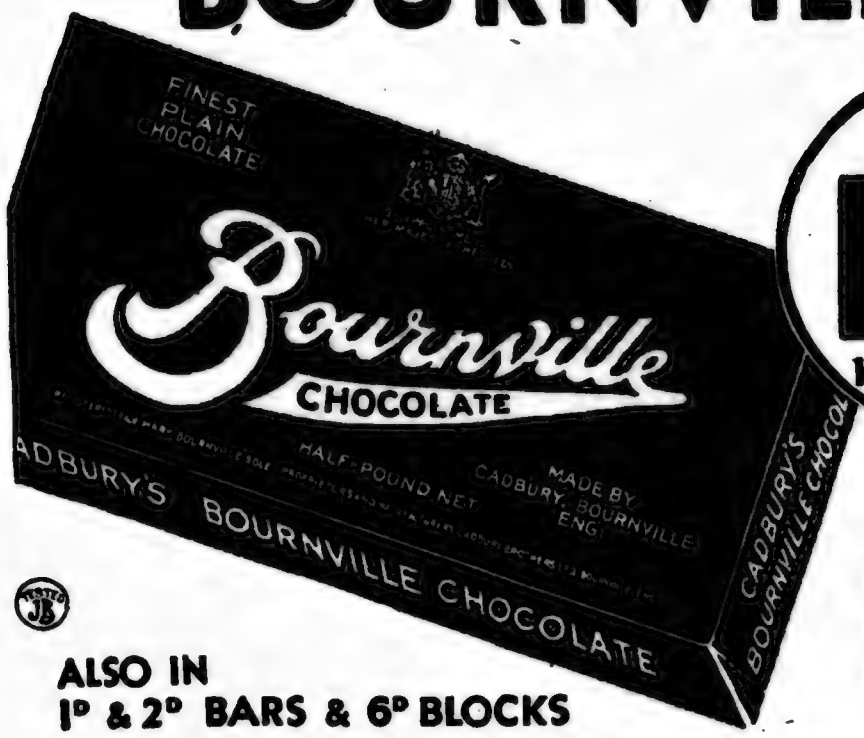

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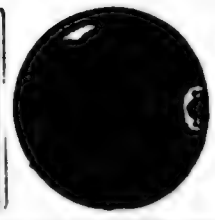

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EE STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

FROM TEETHING TO TEENS

NAIL THIS VILLAIN!

Mr. Justice Maugham ordered the winding-up of Wyndham's company

As nearly four months have elapsed since JOHN BULL published the arrest of an adventurer named James Wyndham in connection with his [illegible]ment-with-investment [illegible]. I hope I may be forgiven for returning to the subject.

His arrest has not yet taken place. I understand, however, that the new revelations I [illegible]ple to make will help to [illegible]nder to book.

[illegible]ery details of losses sus[illegible] victims were unfolded in [illegible] columns the Official Receiver's [illegible] Wyndham's Commercial [illegible]. Ltd., has been issued.

Although this company functioned [illegible] for about a year under Wyndham management, I note that there [illegible] deficiency of £16,840.

Of this £3,116 is due to unsecured creditors, £1,250 to a debenture-holder, and £600 to employees who, when the crash came, could not get the arrears of salary.

* * *

A [illegible] of the company's collections at the bankers amounted to exactly £1 18s. 6d., while the chief assets are bad and doubtful book debts [illegible] £4,065, which, at an outside estimate, are not likely to produce more than £50.

By far the greater part of the Official Receiver's report is devoted to the examination of the representatives who [illegible] posts with the company in return for substantial investments.

Wyndham explained that he now had so many business irons in the fire that he was proposing to form a new company, with a capital of £150,000, to incorporate all his ventures.

He therefore needed a capable secretary to do the routine work.

* * *

He would pay £6 a week for the first three months; £7 a week for the second three months; then £8 a week, with the promise of regular increases for the next five years.

It would be necessary, he told the applicant, for the selected man to invest £500 as security.

Asked why a fidelity bond would not answer just as well, he craftily replied that his new secretary would have to sign cheques in his absence involving huge amounts.

One false stroke of the pen might let him in for thousands.

The applicant was completely taken in by this earnest plausibility and parted with £500.

Once having secured this money, Wyndham kept his dupe at bay in a very clever manner.

He never allowed him to remain in the office or to see what was going on, but sent him out daily to all parts of the suburbs with instructions to look out for suitable new headquarters for the company.

Each morning, Wyndwould find fault with his "secretary's" suggestions, and would send him out to look elsewhere for a possible office site.

For two weeks the man drew his money without suspicion; then, at the end of the third week, there was nothing for him.

His suave employer put him off by saying that a £1,250 cheque had been delayed, but was due at any moment.

This excuse and others which followed were finally exploded when the Balham man got a cheque for £25 arrears of salary, which is dishonoured to this day.

One reader has written to tell me of an experience he had with Wyndham as far back as 1924.

Wyndham was then running an estate-agency business in Cirencester, and induced this reader to invest £150 in return for employment.

A few weeks later he disappeared.

In this exploit Wyndham passed as "James Raynor," and in other coups he has used the names of James Allen, James Bentley Allen and James Warwick.

I earnestly hope that these fresh disclosures will be instrumental in putting a check to this dangerous rogue's activities.

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Though the report states quite emphatically that most of these men were inexperienced in the class of business undertaken by the company, no real effort was made to instruct them.

I am also staggered to see that Wyndham obtained £10,350 from investors who believed that they were going to receive lasting employment.

In addition to this sum, a further £350 was received by Wyndham from three representatives on the pretext that it was needed for the company's development.

Much of the money obtained in this way clearly went into Wyndham's own pocket since the warrant that was subsequently issued for his arrest.

* * *

But his movements by this time had become wrapt in mystery.

In fairness to the other directors of this company, I think this is an appropriate place to say that but for the methods employed by Wyndham the company might have done well.

His chief victims, of course, are the men whom he lured into signing employment-with-investment agreements. Some I grieve to say, are walking the streets to-day absolutely penniless.

Consider the plight of one ruined victim, living in Gaskarth Road, Balham, who, within three months of the company's disaster, Wyndham induced to invest £500 in the most disgraceful circumstances.

Securing him by advertisement.

LASH of the White Scourge

PEOPLE call it T.B.—tuberculosis, consumption, the white scourge—and pass on pityingly.

Something is done by the health authorities, but it is not enough. There are miseries which cry aloud to heaven.

Consumptives usually have large families—Nature striving to snatch something from life.

Here are two deeply tragic vignettes taken from many investigated by JOHN BULL's Commissioner in the administration of our "Greatest of These——" Fund:

Sunday—the wife had just returned from her husband's bedside at the sanatorium.

A six-roomed house on the Edmonton New Estate. To all outward appearances the conditions make for health and happiness. The younger children, including sturdy twins aged four years, are at play in the open.

The living-room is of fair size, sensibly and simply furnished.

The family has moved from the one room they had previously lived in, and the London County Council house seems a palace to them. But it is very damp. The walls are weeping.

The kiddies cluster round their mother to hear how daddy is. "A little better," she tells them, and sends them off to play.

Her husband was a first-class stoker in the Navy during the war. Last September he gave up his work at the swimming-baths because of his health. He went to the sanatorium in May.

"He is forty-two," she says; "only skin and bone. His heart is in a terrible state."

* * *

She has just left him holding his heart. She has had to break the news to him that since he had left home his eldest daughter, aged seventeen, has died of tuberculosis.

They had not dared to tell him, but to-day she found him puzzling over a letter he addressed to the hospital where the girl had lain. It had been returned, marked "Gone away."

"Well, Bill," his wife told him, "you have got to know it, I'm afraid. She has been dead and buried nearly three weeks now."

"Of course, that did it," says the wife. "He broke down."

That is the second death. The baby, aged three months, died with tubercular meningitis.

The eldest, a handsome lad of sixteen, has just given up his work, and is waiting to be admitted to a sanatorium.

"Mother won't have a farthing off me now," he says ruefully. "She used to have 13s."

The next daughter, aged thirteen, has outgrown her strength and has been ordered away for a change of air. And a little girl, aged ten, is often ailing.

This poor mother is faced with the problem of how to clothe and feed herself and six children on the relief allowed.

There is the rent, which is 16s a week, plus 4s. to clear off heavy arrears. The £s National Health Insurance received for the husband goes in fares and the few extras he needs.

They hadn't dared to tell him that his daughter was dead

* * *

A family living near Highgate Archway. The mother has returned from visiting her husband at the sanatorium.

It is a small, dilapidated room. One large bed fills most of the space. Here the family sleep, cook, eat and live.

The husband was removed to the sanatorium in an advanced stage of tuberculosis on May 22. He has been unable to work since January, 1928.

The wife receives 28s. a week relief, out of which she has to pay a rent of 6s., feed and clothe herself and five young children. Her husband is sinking.

"I don't wish him to live," she says. "He suffers too much, and there isn't much for him to come home to here."

A hard-hit, little woman, she looks scarcely more than a girl.

She suffers from her heart, and three of her children are very delicate—one is under the tuberculosis doctor. She borrowed the money to get clothes for her husband to enter the sanatorium.

* * *

Appalling, you say—but these are only two cases out of hundreds of those which are brought to the notice of our "Greatest of These——" department.

Funds are subscribed to palliate the miseries of tuberculosis, but seemingly those funds are pooled and the interest doled out.

Would it not be better to save the present generation by giving every farthing as it is received?

That is what is done with our "Greatest of These——" Fund. We pass the money on—at once.

In so far we can help, but more can be done by the authorities. The disease is not fully checked by isolating the germ-carriers.

Better home allowance would make this possible. If not in the name of humanity, it should be done as a national economy.

Do you remember . . . . . ? The Kodak remembers. Perfectly ! Clearly ! Days of holiday, days of happiness. Scenes that won't come again or come again quite the same.

Turn the merry moments into lasting memories. Don't let scenes like these run like water through your fingers. Catch them with a Kodak, so that on dry and dusty days you may drink again.

Take a* KODAK *with you

PRICES FROM EIGHT AND SIX TO FIFTY POUNDS

Are You There, EVERYWHERE?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

There should be a telephone in the home of every working man

THE other day an indignant gentleman wrote to the papers to say that the Post Office, when it came to the telephones, was a high-handed tyrant that knew as much about business methods as a schoolboy knows about high finance.

And his complaint seemed to me distinctly well-founded; for, as the result of doing always what the Post Office is always forcing us to do—namely, making excessive use of his telephone—he was informed that his deposit would have to be increased.

That is a thing that could only occur to the stereotyped mind of a Government official, and it is an illuminating commentary on why this country lags so far behind others in telephone development.

Waddling behind

The dead hand of political control is always busy strangling progress.

New York has one telephone for every three inhabitants; London has only one for every ten.

Great Britain, as a whole, is almost undeveloped in comparison with other countries in the matter of telephones. In the number of telephones per head of the population it comes almost at the bottom of the list.

Whereas there are 18,500,000 telephones in the United States and 2,000,000 in Germany, there are only 1,750,000 instruments installed here.

If we look at a few comparable cities, our position is even worse.

Leeds has 19,000 telephones; but Frankfurt, which is about the same size, has 54,000. Minneapolis, which is also the same size, has 122,000.

Hamburg has three times as many as Glasgow. Los Angeles has six times as many. Yet all these cities are the same size.

This does not give us any great cause for pride.

It is something very much to be deplored, for the telephone long ago ceased to be a luxury.

It is a simple, every-day necessity, and it should be installed as a matter of course in every house that is built.

The slogan of "One man, one telephone" would not, in these days, be a bit fantastic. It would be, on the contrary, a sound bit of common-sense.

But a lot of things will have to be altered before that very desirable state of affairs comes about.

The exorbitant rental that the Post Office charges for its instruments, for instance, turns a necessity into a luxury in hundreds of thousands of cases.

An annual charge of £5 10s. for the mere pleasure of having a telephone in the house is not, in my opinion, a rental; it is a sheer imposition.

Its effect is to make people use the telephone as sparingly as possible instead of as freely as possible.

In the neck

The quickest way to encourage people to become telephone-users is to abolish the rental charge altogether.

If, however, you need the telephone for business—which is surely its primary use—you get it in the neck worse than ever. The rental is then £6 a year.

It is not very surprising to find that not only do we nearly foot the list in the number of telephones per thousand of the population, but that we actually do foot it in the number of telephone conversations per head.

It could hardly be otherwise; we are not exactly encouraged to use the telephone.

Yet it has been calculated that if telephone-owners made only one additional local call per instrument per day the Revenue would get an additional annual sum of £2,619,758.

To the ordinary mind, it would seem good business to make telephone-owning as simple and as cheap as possible. Instead, the Post Office makes it as difficult as possible.

What is really wrong?

The trouble is that telephone administration and development are under political control instead of proper business control.

Grasping timidity

In saying this, I am not attempting to follow Viscount Wolmer in his demand that the Post Office and all its works should be handed over to "private enterprise."

All I am suggesting is that to make the Postmaster-General responsible for telephones, as well as for mails and telegraphs, old-age pensions, savings banks and dog licences is not business; it is inefficiency.

It is putting too much on his plate, and it is bringing pure business far too much within the orbit of political currents.

The trade-mark of political finance is caution, timidity and parsimony.

The result is that the Treasury frowns instantly at any suggestion of far-sighted development, draws no distinction between productive and unproductive expenditure, and arbitrarily limits each year the amount that may be spent upon telephone expansion.

The Telephone Development Association in this country—in what other country would a Government service be allowed to depend on outside business for its effective advertising?—has recently put forward a thoroughly practicable remedy for the present Rip Van Winkle situation.

It suggests that the telephone system should be transferred from the Post Office to a statutory body, to be known as "The Telephone Control Board."

This body would run it as a purely commercial undertaking on the lines on which the Central Electricity Board is going to work, and on which the Port of London Authority and the British Broadcasting Corporation already function.

Its members would be appointed by the Crown, and a Telephone Advisory Council would constitute the necessary link between the service and the State.

This would immediately stop the telephone system being the plaything of politicians, and would remove its finance from the sterile influence of the Treasury.

Forget grandfather

It would, in fact, unite administrative responsibility and financial responsibility. It is their almost complete divorce that is the root of all the evils that at present beset the telephone system.

We can no longer afford to muddle along while our competitors are forging ahead in ordered marches.

What was good enough for our grandfathers is not nearly good enough for us.

Quite apart from the development of the telephone as a business implement and a domestic necessity, its effect on unemployment would be considerable.

There are few things that call for a greater diversity of labour. A proper policy of telephone development would quickly absorb many thousands of men and women.

I do not think there can be any doubt that, given a proper business outlook and freedom from political and financial control, the telephone system could very rapidly be made into a very efficient service.

We should speedily get more telephones and cheaper telephones, with all the business and soc. l advantages that such a development would bring.

The proposals of the Telephone Development Association seem to me thoroughly sound, for they avoid political interference on the one hand and unchecked private exploitation on the other.

A new slogan

Nor do they create any precedent. They merely follow the successful experiments the Government itself has initiated in the instances I have already given.

We laughed once at the cry of "One man, one vote"—but it has become a fact.

We could make the slogan of "One man, one telephone" an equal reality with a millionth part of the effort.

From the viewpoints of both social and commercial advantage there are few things better worth doing.

The Human Machine

The Invisible Crown

MARK TWAIN once told how he was lost in the snow in the pitch darkness of a winter's night somewhere in the vast wilds of America. Utterly exhausted, he gave up the struggle and lay down in the snow to die.

When he awoke in the morning he found himself within a few hundred yards of the hotel he had been vainly trying to find.

It is so typical of life. We are all of us feverishly searching for happiness and contentment which we believe to be somewhere—and all the time it is Here, if we would only believe it.

Our literature is full of stories of a Golden Age that existed in the dim years of a forgotten past. Our religion is filled with promises of a new Golden Age that will arrive in an equally dim future.

But meantime we are living in the present: that is the real Golden Age for the best time of all is Now, if we choose to make it so.

"The world," said someone, "is like a fat Dutchman whistling for his dog and wondering where it is, when all the while the poodle is at his feet, concealed beneath his abdominal protuberance!"

If we wait for happiness to come because of the rare, the wonderful and the unexpected, we will wait a long time.

It is the ordinary, the homely, the everyday and the commonplace that give contentment. If we cannot create our own Golden Age in our own homes we will never find it: if it is not here, it is nowhere.

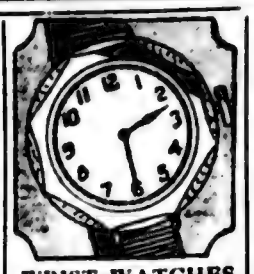
It is the man who can attain to a contented mind who is the real monarch of life.

More Gifts in Less Time

with Bandmaster

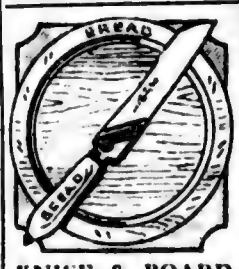
"Come on!" cries the Bandmaster. "Join my merry band! Smoke and save! See what cigarettes you get. Cool, smooth-smoking tobacco . . . ten fine cigarettes for 4d.! See what gifts you'll get! A box camera . . . a wrist watch . . . a tennis racket. Over a hundred wonderful gifts FREE! Start smoking 'Bandmasters' *now*."

STOCKINGS
"Dulesco" Art. Silk Stockings in all the latest shades. Perfect fitting. Long wearing. (State size & colour required)
75 COUPONS



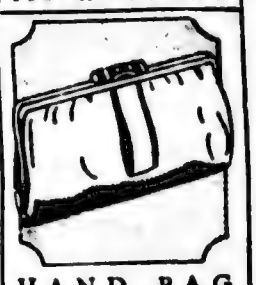
WRIST WATCHES
Ladies': Pure nickel case. Reliable movement. Moire band clasp. Gent's Square shaped. Seconds hand. Pure nickel case. Leather strap.
200 COUPONS

JUG & TUMBLERS
Beautiful Old English Style Water Jug, to hold 1½ pints
100 COUPONS
Set of 6 tumblers to match
125 COUPONS



KNIFE & BOARD
Fine quality Sheffield steel bread knife. Perfect edge. Strong handle. Will last a lifetime. Complete with solid bread board
100 COUPONS

GRAMOPHONE
"Multichord" Portable. 10-in. turntable. Garrard motor. Fine soundbox. In blue, black or grey leatherette.
750 COUPONS



HAND BAG
Morocco. Strong frame. Well lined. Double inner pouch. Fitted mirror. All colours.
150 COUPONS

MINCING MACHINE
Strongly built mincer. Of British manufacture. Complete with coarse, medium and fine cutters. Also crusher. Quickly and easily fixed to any table.
100 COUPONS

PULLOVER
Fine warm sleeveless pullover.
125 COUPONS

FLANNEL TROUSERS
Grey. Very hard wearing. State waist and inside leg measurements.
300 COUPONS

'Recorda' Camera

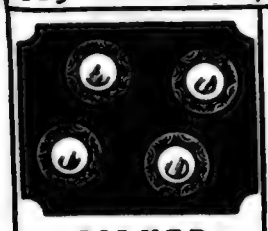
Snap up this fine "Recorda" Camera. Sturdy all-metal body. Leatherette covered. Time and snap shutter. Landscape lens. Takes standard 2½ x 3½ films.

150 Coupons

CASH FOR COUPONS
If you prefer cash for your coupons, the Bandmaster Cash offer is still available. Particulars in every packet.

KETTLE
Made of best British Aluminium ware. Strong. Serviceable. Lasts a lifetime. 4-pint size.
125 COUPONS

ALARM CLOCK
Handsome alarm clock. 4-in. dial. Reliable timekeeper. Loud Alarm.
125 COUPONS



SILVER AND PEARL CUFF LINKS
Cuff links of smart modern design. Silver fronted. Pearl centres. With chased edges. Wonderful value for 50 coupons!
50 COUPONS

MATTAMAC
Famous [illegible] weight. [illegible] Folds int[illegible] Ladies' or G[illegible] Belted [illegible] Unbe[illegible]
500 COUPONS

21-PIECE TEA SERVICE
Fine English china. Beautiful Crown Derby pattern. Marvellous value.
350 COUPONS

CUTLERY
Three Fir[illegible] Stainless dessert knives. Or three [illegible] Nickel [illegible]
100 COUPONS

GET THIS GIFT BOOK

A Wonderful Gift Book! Printed in Colour on Fine Paper. Beautifully Illustrated. Containing over 100 Gifts of Sterling Value. And Free Coupons. This Coupon will bring it. Write your Name and Address — Now — and Post.

The Ba[illegible]master, 74-80, M[illegible] Street, London, E.[illegible]

Please send me a copy of the Bandmaster Gift [illegible]

(Please write in Block [illegible])

Name.....

Address.....

.....

J.B 19. (½d. stamp if unsealed)

BANDMASTER

CIGARETTES

MAJOR DRAPKIN & CO. LONDON

10 FOR 4D

Without Fear or Favour

WHY THE Waitress Doesn't Smile!

THE man who always expects a smile from the waitress is a blind optimist. Usually she is a brave, bright little person with a ready tongue. She turns a bright countenance to the world.

There are other darker moments—when she has been on her feet ten or twelve hours, or when, in a clutching spasm of remembrance, she wonders how the week's rent is to be paid.

The high pressure of the holiday season brings the nervous crisis when even the mechanical smile cannot be forced.

So it is as well to remember in the midst of our holiday pleasures that less has been done to protect the cheery waitress than her sister in the workroom.

Slavery of the worst sort can be pointed out in nearly every large centre. Many a Member of Parliament—this particularly to the women Members—has been served by sweated waitresses outside the Commons.

Blind to decency

THEY, like the holiday optimist, are blind to one of the worst scandals of modernity.

From pitiful letters and special investigation, JOHN BULL is impelled to tackle this evil and shake our legislators into some consciousness of their duty.

Beyond hope to stir the decent feelings of very many employers. They have none. They are so far beyond appeal they cannot even perceive that better treatment of waitresses is a strong factor in the greater success of their competitors.

Here are some typical instances of sweating:

In a restaurant attached to a public-house in West London a waitress receives a wage of 15s. a week.

She rises at four on alternate mornings in order to tidy up the bar; she waits at table every day between the hours of twelve and three o'clock, and then becomes a barmaid in the evening from five until eleven.

In a fashionable restaurant in Glasgow, which, according to the head-waitress is badly under-staffed, the girls—some of them eighteen and nineteen years old—work from eight in the morning until seven at night for wages amounting to 14s. a week.

Where tips are few

"I START here at eleven in the morning," writes a girl in a Manchester hotel, "and do not stop until eleven at night. My wages are 14s. a week, with a shilling extra on Sundays. I am expected to keep fit, bright and smart."

The proprietors of too many tea-rooms and restaurants expect their patrons to pay the wages of their employees, and in the case of well-patronised places some of the waitresses are known to make quite £2 a week in tips.

But they are few. The girl who waits at table in the dining-rooms and restaurants in industrial areas is fortunate if she receives as much as a shilling a day in this manner.

"I enclose my last week's pay-envelope," writes one young girl. "I work ten hours a day, and my wages at the end of the week amount to 12s. 6d."

"I work eighty-four hours in seven days, receiving 14s. by way of wages, without a penny in respect of overtime," writes another girl. "The tips I receive go to pay for my uniform, mid-day meals, and 'bus fares."

It is a sore point with many thousands of girls and women who are employed in the catering trade that the uniform they wear must be paid for out of their slender wages—a waitress' outfit costs anything from 28s. to £2—at the rate of 2s. 6d. a week.

The boldly displayed notice, "No Gratuities," is in the majority of cases a ghastly farce. The public will continue to give until

A terrible trayful

gratuities in all walks of life come to be regarded as a personal insult.

But therein lies a snare. From taking tips, a proportion of girls—amazingly few in the circumstances—drift easily into the role of the gold-digger and worse. It is easy to say "starve rather than lose honour" unless you have faced the alternative.

And so they droop

SOME of the most widely patronised smoke-rooms in London and in provincial towns are beneath the ground, artificially lighted day and night; waitresses breathe the stuffy atmosphere heavy with smoke. Until health breaks down.

All day long they glide to and fro, scarcely finding time to snatch a meal in a brief lull. To go for a walk and get a breath of fresh air is quite out of the question.

"I work from 2.45 p.m. until midnight each day," writes a South London girl, "and snatch a few minutes for supper when I can. I am paid 12s. 6d. a week, plus 4d. in the pound commission, less anything I fail to charge the customer for."

She shares a furnished room with another girl similarly employed, paying a rent of £1 a week. Some days she receives 2s. 6d. in gratuities, and on others as much as 6s. She works Sundays voluntarily because she cannot afford to be idle.

She was pretty

SWEATING in some of the smaller provincial towns is equally ruthless with that in the cities. This is the story of a handsome provincial girl:

Engaged at the age of nineteen, she was transferred from place to place, living a hand-to-mouth existence. Her good looks were exploited.

Wages were 13s. 6d. a week, of which never less than 2s. a week was stopped. She lived in a furnished room for which she paid 12s. a week.

Her tips varied in amount considerably, some weeks two or three shillings and others up to £2. But the lean weeks were a nightmare.

In another instance a young girl received 2s. 8d. wages one week. She had not sufficient to pay the rent of her room. Her tips had amounted to 7s. only, on account of her having been placed in a "bad station."

A Huddersfield girl, capable and bright, spent three terrible months in a London café, and her parents ultimately were obliged to take her away.

Better hours, better wages, and, ultimately, no gratuities in very truth, must be the slogan of the waitress. They have power through the vote. Let them organise and use it.

Women to the rescue

IT would be unfair to dismiss the matter of the poorly paid waitress, or to draw the attention of the authorities to the grievances of the majority, without mentioning that Miss Margaret Bondfield, the Minister of Labour, declared recently that J. Lyons and Co., the famous caterers, give conditions far above the average.

Messrs. Lyons have evolved a system of payment whereby the "Nippies" are paid in accordance with the neighbourhood in which a particular café is situated, and the abundance or otherwise of the coppers and sixpences that are left beneath the plates by customers.

In a Corner House, London, for example, a waitress receives 12s. 6d. a week, plus commission and tips, whilst in a suburban or Greater London café the pay is as much as 27s. 6d.

Gratuities in the latter, of course, do not amount to so much.

Some months ago it was announced that the Ministry of Labour intended to enquire into the need for a minimum wage with maximum hours. Is it to remain merely a benevolent intention?

As long ago as 1926 a report was drawn up dealing with the conditions of employment in the catering trade generally, but nothing has been done to check the slavery of the tea-tray girl.

Here is something for public-spirited women to do with a right good will. They will have the full support of the men.

SECRETS of—th

A most difficult job the new M.C.C. Secretary, Mr. W. Findlay

Not an All-England cap Harry White, the Lord's groundsman, is wearing, but he deserves one

Sir Kynaston Studd, President of the M.C.C. and an ex-Lord Mayor, is a big figure

WHO are the mysterious powers behind the Test Matches and who put them where they are? A few are known, but there are many others who never come into the limelight.

There is, of course, the Marylebone Cricket Club—and Lord Harris and Leveson Gower. The club and its members rule cricket more surely than Parliament rules Britain.

And the club simply grew as cricket grew. It has always stood for high sportsmanship, and everyone has been content to leave it at that

The M.C.C. means England in all tests. So it was when the first Australian team came here in 1878 and skittled the strength of England for 33 and 19—won the match in a single day.

Barbed wire

Under cricket rules, Hobbs could turn amateur to-morrow, though he will never make as much money out of the game as did the great Dr. Grace.

It is all very curious and illogical, and it certainly verges on absurdity when we remember that the very laws of the game can only be enforced voluntarily.

Providing both sides agree, there is nothing to prevent a match being played with a four-stump wicket.

Truly a wonderfully powerful and mysterious club, the most powerful and the most exclusive club in the world.

The laws of the game as played throughout the world are the exclusive property of the M.C.C. It is only in games where the M.C.C. teams are engaged that these laws *must* be obeyed.

Unless its interference is invited, the M.C.C. does not exercise any control over cricket or cricketers outside its own affairs.

But fortunately for the prestige of cricket, the influence of the written word which emanates from the pavilion at Lord's is immense. It is invariably accepted by all.

The distinguished names which compose the larger part of its huge waiting-list would make the most aristocratic club in London envious.

Babies born to millions or dukedoms are put down for the M.C.C. at birth. Some are elected to the club a few years before they die of old age. Many are dead long before their chance comes round.

Only one class of membership escapes this long waiting-period.

Any amateur, be he poor or rich, humbly born or of high station, can, if he is a good enough cricketer and acceptable in other respects, secure election almost immediately if he will undertake to play a certain number of matches for the club.

The average applicant cannot exercise this claim, and he must wait—unless the M.C.C. decides to invite him, for reasons of finance, to become a life-member.

Money for the asking

The remarkable ease with which the club can improve its financial position must awaken jealousy in the heart of the most prosperous company director.

By electing a few score life-members at £200 apiece, the club can raise thousands of pounds any time it wishes.

As recently as 1929 it added £40,000 to its coffers in this manner.

Few, however, know exactly how wealthy is the M.C.C.

It owns a valuable acreage—Lord's Ground—in the heart of a wealthy neighbourhood, and also most of the surrounding property known as the Elm Tree Estate.

Its total receipts from all sources shown in the last annual statement of accounts were £100,000. Its total expenses were £128,000.

This income greatly exceeds that of the Football Association, and it is highly probable that the total assets of the club are not far off the £250,000 mark.

The profits go—

An organisation with such wide, though unofficial, powers is inevitably the target for a considerable amount of scathing criticism, and in this respect the M.C.C. is no exception.

The bulk of the criticism arises from inaccurate information. For instance, a misconception exists fairly generally as to what becomes of the profits of the colonial tours.

What actually happens to the money?

The greater part of it is distributed among various organisations directly or indirectly connected with cricket.

The last Australian tour brought a useful profit of £18,000.

Seventeen first-class cricket counties, the Minor Counties Cricket Association, National Playing Fields Association, London Playing Fields Society and Cricketers' Fund Friendly Society benefited from this profit to the extent of £500 each.

The whole of the balance, after income-tax deduction, was transferred to the Foreign Tours Fund, which now amounts to £10,000.

Foreign tours obviously cost a good deal of money. The last Australian tour, for example, cost £40,000. Few know the exact total cost of the Australian tours to this country.

Apart from the manager of the team, treasurer, etc., there are fifteen players, each of whom receives £50 before embarkation, £400 during the tour in England, and £150 after his return to Australia.

Exclusive of an additional 30s. a week for travelling expenses, each man nets some £600, provided he does not bring over his wife, relatives nor any family connections, and does not write for any paper nor broadcast.

Also he must not return to England to play cricket until two years have elapsed.

The Australian cricket agreement is far more severe than any similar document which binds a British professional in any sport.

And reading over its terms it is difficult to regard Australian cricketers as amateurs. But they are so regarded where their British opponents would most certainly be designated "pros."

The payment of players for Test Matches in England is by no means over-generous—the honour of representing England is considered ample compensation.

Each professional receives £27 for a Test Match, and his third-class railway expenses. Reserve players receive £9 less.

Amateurs receive only payment for expenses. Up to £2 a day is allowed and first-class travelling.

In addition, luncheon and refreshments are provided during playing hours, but these must not exceed £20 per day for the team and reserves.

The two umpires for the occasion are each paid £15 for the match, with travelling privileges as for professionals, but the humble scorers must be satisfied with £7 10s.

Compared with other sports, cricket does not offer financial inducements of

Test LORDS

famous Lord's ground

a very high order. It is true the big professionals, like Hobbs, Hendren, Sutcliffe and Hammond, are well looked after.

They attract so many people that they must have special terms from their clubs. Undoubtedly they make a comfortable income from the game.

They also do very well out of benefits, far better than the football professional, who is limited to £650.

The highest sum received in a cricket benefit went to the late Roy Kilner—£4,016 in 1925.

Benefits—sometimes

Other large sums were £3,000 to Herbert Sutcliffe last year and £3,703 paid to the other Yorks professional, G. H. Hirst, in 1904.

Wilfred Rhodes, of the same club received over £2,200 in 1911, and a further £2,000 from a testimonial fund in 1927.

But benefits have not always been profitable to cricketers. Conditions were such that up till quite recently the beneficiary was often actually out of pocket on the receipts from the match.

This arose from the fact that the player was charged the expenses incidental to his benefit match, and also the expenses of the away match with the same county.

If, therefore, the home match was spoiled by the weather, it is obvious that the player had no fund from which to meet the heavy expenses incurred by the two matches.

There is the classic instance of one famous "pro," now a well-known umpire. After dropping heavily on his first benefit, his club offered him a second.

"Really, gentlemen," he protested heatedly, "I simply cannot afford it!"

Amateurs do not have benefits, but it is not unusual for them to accept substantial testimonials.

W. G. Grace will be remembered by many in this instance. The testimonial was a national affair raised by a newspaper, and W. G. benefited considerably.

But he still retained his amateur status.

Elastic expenses

Long before that it was the custom of the Grand Old Man to put in a stiff expenses bill. His excuse was that he could fill any ground in England. And he was right.

To-day some attempt is made to disguise such payments to amateurs, but it is true to say that a first-class man can still charge expenses in accordance with his worth to his side.

There is the true story concerning one of the best amateur cricketers who ever played for England.

The occasion was during a Test Match. Liberal expenses had already been allowed, but the amateur did not consider these enough. He decided to add an extra charge for conveyance from the station to his hotel.

A peer of the realm was captaining the side. Noting the charge, he sent for the amateur.

Find him a job

"My dear X," he murmured, "you seem to have overlooked the fact that your hotel adjoins the station. . . ."

There are many cases on record where a promising amateur has been found a well-paid job, such as treasurer on his club's staff.

There are many examples, too, especially in the wealthy metropolitan and northern clubs, where other young amateurs have been found light and profitable jobs in business in return for their services during the cricket season.

As things are to-day, it is obvious that almost every promising amateur would have his county cricket record cut short as soon as he left school or university.

He simply could not afford to play except during holidays unless he were wealthy—and few cricketers are.

The rules of the game, however, permit with gracious serenity irregularities which in other, less - favoured sports would not be allowed in any circumstances.

In Australia conditions for amateurs are more or less the same, except that the average Australian amateur is usually so generously paid that it is unnecessary for his club to find a good position for him in private life.

There are few people this side of the world who know the financial considerations which Australian cricketers enjoy in their own country.

The average English "pro" makes little money out of the game. His earnings vary from £2 or £3 a week up to £15 a week for the big-name men.

Some of the wealthy clubs are able to pay winter wages, and there is always a chance of a colonial coaching appointment for a good all-round man if he maintains his form.

Stone-walling

In many county teams where there is a strong supply of good amateur talent available, competition is very hard for the professional.

Cricket is a game that can be played well into middle-life, and old professionals are not easily replaced.

The great personalities of the cricket world are not as widely known as are those in other sports.

The new president of the M.C.C. is chiefly famous for his services to London as its last Lord Mayor.

Sir Kynaston Studd, however, is a great cricketer. He has played for Eton and has captained Cambridge.

His work for popular education at the Regent Street Polytechnic, where he was hon. secretary in his younger days, will be long remembered.

He is a great personality, and he will certainly leave his mark at Lord's as he left it at the Mansion House when his time is up.

Seventy—still young

The same applies to W. Findlay, the new secretary of the M.C.C. He fills perhaps the most difficult and coveted position in the cricket world, and, in addition, he has to follow Sir Frederick Lacey, one of the greatest legislators the game has ever had.

But Findlay has the advantages of being trained under the great Sir Frederick, a job worth about £800 a year with allowances, and a delightful residence gratis on the Elm Tree Estate.

The great W. G. has passed and the present Grand Old Man of cricket is Lord Harris. He is over seventy, and has played in and captained English cricket teams all over the world.

He has also captained England, both here and in Australia, and his wicket is still very hard to get once he has got his "eye in."

To-day's Grand Old Man of Cricket—Lord Harris

Lord Harris is the honorary treasurer of the M.C.C., and with Harry White enjoys universal respect to the point of worship among cricketers.

Harry, however, is not very well known. He is the groundsman at Lord's.

Wizard of turf

His task is to keep the most famous pitch in the world in good condition, and he has been credited with knowing every blade of grass on the field.

The classic Lord's turf was moved from Dorset Square when the club changed its headquarters years ago.

Thanks to Harry White, it remains to-day in better condition than it has even been.

Harry was never a famous cricketer. Sound with both ball and bat, he made his runs and took wickets for Hertfordshire in the Minor Counties Championship.

Classic pitch

But he knows all about turf, and in a climate where a shower of rain can wreck a side of giants in an hour there are many great cricket stars who would gladly exchange some of their skill with the bat for Harry's knowledge of the Lord's pitch.

But Harry keeps his knowledge to himself.

Perhaps that is why the last Test Match, which may decide the ownership of the Ashes, is played at the Oval.

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

The WOMAN with the NIGHTMARE BIRTHDAY

"Growing older, no great ability, no friends"

"WOMEN — women—the age of women. We are winning our place in the world that has been denied to us through the ages." That is the cry.

But there is a bitter wail in the end of it.

"What is happening to the women who tried that game twenty years before pretty Miss 1930 came on to the map?"

This question was put by a woman reader of JOHN BULL, and we propose to answer it as far as we are able.

The questioner is thinking of the deadly disillusionment that has come of this independence—the woman of forty, with no friends, except those growing colder as age grows, no great ability, no children, even no husband.

Women workers in every trade or occupation have bitter cause to dread the approach of age, even though they have never craved for independence and the vote.

Even the woman who has, by exceptional ability, gained a position of trust and responsibility is stalked by the fear of the younger woman competitor.

In the distributive trades, both wholesale and retail, in all clerical work and in the various professions, the cry is for young women.

Must be young

Waitresses must be young, dressmakers, factory and workshop workers, no matter what the trade or occupation, the fact stands bleakly forth that, in the competition for work, the younger woman pushes her older colleague further and further back in the dejected line of the unemployed.

Firms telephoning to trade unions and to employment exchanges invariably add "We want young people" to their request for workers.

There is no sense in it. It is merely an unfortunate commercial habit. In almost any occupation the experienced woman of forty has still her best years in front of her.

This systematic crowding-out of the middle-aged falls particularly hard upon the woman who is alone in the world and entirely dependent upon her own earnings.

Enquiries at the various trade unions catering for women and among women waiting hopelessly at employment exchanges reveal an astounding number of tragic cases.

Miss A., for instance, is exceptionally able, has always worked in a good-class house, and for many years held responsible positions.

Almost her last regular job was in a supervisory capacity in the circulation department of a large London newspaper.

She is educated and thoroughly reliable, yet at the age of fifty-four, and absolutely alone in the world, is reduced to that most heartbreaking of hack work, canvassing from door to door for a vacuum-cleaner firm.

Consider again, the sad case of Miss G. She is a draper's assistant, is only forty-two, yet has had no regular work for two years.

During that time she has helped to support an aged mother out of her earnings whenever she has been temporarily engaged for sales or for the extra rush of Christmas trade.

In the intervening periods they existed, God knows how, on the State unemployment pay.

As an official of the Shop Assistants' Union pointed out, this is a common case among distributive workers.

If, in desperation, this woman should take a post as domestic servant, and, for some reason or another, lose the situation (which, considering her lack of experience, she was most likely to do), she would not then be able to qualify for unemployment benefit.

Court dressmaker

Another sad case of a woman who has unwittingly allowed herself to grow old gracefully is Miss C.

She finds now, however, that what in more favourable circumstances would be looked upon as a dignified grace, is, in the world of Court dressmaking, treated more as if it were a disgrace.

This gentle, white-haired woman of barely fifty-eight loves the work she has been employed upon for over forty years, and asks nothing better than to be allowed to continue to handle the lovely fabrics that more fortunate women will wear.

The little crow's-feet which have grown as she smiled at the gorgeous gowns she helped to make now disqualify her for regular work, and so, very reluctantly, the fragile, delicate fingers must take up the coarser, less skilled work of "finishing" in the tailoring trade.

Girl's sneer

The girl who, with a mouthful of false teeth, sneers at the tinted hair of her colleague would feel small and cheap if she had the imagination to see into the secret thoughts of the older woman.

If she could, for instance, realise the gnawing fear of lapsing into menial and ill-paid occupation which makes the life of Miss K. one long, anxious struggle against the signs of age.

A large portion of her earnings as a shorthand-typist is spent each week on keeping the grim, grey shadow in the background. She is forty, but does not, for one moment, relax her efforts.

By weekly Turkish baths, physical exercises and a careful diet, added to regular visits to the beauty specialist for hair-tinting and face-treatment, she has been able to cheat time of twelve or fifteen years.

The experience of some of her friends has taught her the importance of keeping her job.

Young charwoman

It is not only in the more obvious occupations that age is an obstacle. Even the charwoman over forty often hears the more or less polite negative to her enquiry for work.

The prospective employer, her own income secure, does not realise the stark brutality of her words, "I want a young person."

Nor does she stay to see the look of hopeless dejection on the face of the woman who probably was once able to engage help in her own home to do all duties.

Mrs. J.'s is a case in point. At the time when she was feeling most secure, her husband, a master-builder, died suddenly.

When his affairs were examined he was found to be practically bankrupt. His widow was left penniless; even the home had to be sold.

The wretched woman, childless, with none to whom she could turn for help, had only her knowledge of housework to rely upon.

She could not, because her husband had not been insurable, claim a widow's pension.

Bravely she set out to get domestic work. If she had been a younger woman she would have had little difficulty in this, but she was fifty and looked it.

A harder age

When a JOHN BULL commissioner interviewed her six months after her widowhood, she had failed not only to get a post as housekeeper, but had even tried without success to get simple domestic work.

Talking to many trade union officials, our investigator heard the same tale of "too old for work" and too young for old-age pension."

In all trades and departments—the waitress, the shop assistant, the typist, the actress, the mannequin, the professional woman and the domestic—everyone, sooner or later, suffers from the same disability.

One trade-union secretary summed up emphatically her opinion that it was the young women in supervisory positions who, forgetful that they too must grow old, insist upon young workers in their departments.

It is said that Britain lived on borrowed time before and during the War. Maybe the scales have crashed down on the hard side since those days.

Meanwhile, these poor women suffer.

"It demands courage, nerve, fitness and skill"

"Careering dare-devils"—and Ramsey Hairpin

T.T. Dare-Devils

THE curtain rises next Monday on one of the world's most staggering pageants of speed, skill, courage and endurance — the Tourist Trophy motor-cycle races in the Isle of Man.

Human heart, nerve and sinew will again strain with robot machinery for supremacy mastery of the long mountain course that has no rival anywhere on the five continents, and which has been annually challenged for over twenty years by the dare-devils of many nations.

Interest in the event is world-wide, and the prestige of British drivers and manufacturers hinges on British victory.

We have been second to none in the past, but this year the international challenge to our supremacy is almost at its peak.

So many riders are there from abroad that the regulations have been drawn up in six languages.

There are competitors from Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland and Spain.

Even it is so far afield as Japan comes one whose praises are being highly sung. K. Tada by name, who is reported on his escort to this country to ride like the gentleman of legend so hostile to the Deity! Egypt, too, is represented.

BUT it is the Italian contingent that seems the most businesslike. Mussolini is taking a keen personal interest in its efforts, and it is rumoured that it has direct orders from the Duce to return with at least one of the coveted T.T. trophies.

Achille Varzi is an Italian "ace" who will go all out to win. He has won the "Visitors' Cup" on three occasions in the past. He has also won the Nesta Award, the "V.C." of the race.

Only recently he won the famous Targa Floria race for cars in Sicily, the most dangerous event of its kind in the world.

Ghersi is another Italian who is a picturesque entrant. On at least two occasions when he had taken the lead motor troubles robbed him of victory. Nevertheless, there is little anxiety in the camps of the "homers," who are trained to the last ounce, full of confidence and determination.

In great prominence, of course, is C. J. P. Dodson, of last year's victory fame, and who holds the record for the race.

Dodson, a tiny driver with colossal courage, will have a new incentive to win—and hereby hangs a romantic tale.

When in the Isle of Man last year he met a Manx girl who is now his bride. What better wedding-gift could he make her than the trophy?

Then there is J. H. Simpson, one of the idols of the crowd. He is one of the fastest and most dashing—a cavalier of the course. He has won many lap records, but never the race. Something always "turns up" to cheat him of victory.

OTHER "homers" to be reckoned with are S. Woods, the Irish toffee manufacturer, who won the Senior in 1929 and the Junior in 1928; P. Hunt, the young ex-amateur, who crashed badly last year, but is now fit again, and G. E. Nott.

This last, a young and brilliant rider, was the first to cover 200 miles in two hours on a motor-cycle.

The riders in this breathless race of 264 miles are in the strictest training for a fortnight before the events.

Dieting is watched; smoking is restricted; few men not "in the pink" could endure the gruelling strain of the nightmare ride.

The races themselves beggar description. One doubts if even the Schneider Cup race is its equal in breathless thrills. A race at Brooklands is tame compared with it.

Helmeted and goggled, grimy with sweat, dust and oil, crouching low over the tanks of their mounts, they whirl round the 37-mile laps of the course.

Now they are careering madly at 100 m.p.h. down a straight steep hill, now twisting painfully up tortuous mountain roads, sometimes unable to see more than a few yards ahead through the mist, leaping in the air as they cross "hump-backed" bridges, racing "all out" on the straight!

Seven times round that treacherous course they go—if they can. The minutes pass into hours, and a hundred thousand spectators are held in thrall.

Some little idea of the pace of the struggle may be gleaned from the fact that last year's winner of the Senior, Charlie Dodson, covered the 264 miles in a few seconds under three hours and forty minutes, a record speed of seventy-two miles an hour.

The bends and bridges of the course demand perfect judgment to negotiate; seconds lost here may mean the difference between a victory and defeat.

During early-morning dashes round the course the riders carefully rehearse their methods of time-saving (and life-saving) at these "problem" places.

Each morning before breakfast for a fortnight before the races the course is kept clear of the public.

Half the thrill of the T.T. is that what the spectator cannot see he can visualise, thanks to the perfect organisation at the starting-point at Bray Hill, near Douglas.

Above the name of each competitor on the huge scoring board at this point is a clock-like dial, on which are initials representing six salient points on the course. As a competitor passes these points the hand on the dial moves round to the appropriate letter.

AS each man reaches Governor's Bridge a bare half-mile from the finish his number on the board lights up, and, within a few seconds, the rider himself appears, either to flash by on a new lap, down Bray Hill at nearly 100 m.p.h., or to pull up for fuel and oil.

That is one of the biggest thrills of all!

But only a limited number can be accommodated at the starting-point. Thousands of spectators are scattered elsewhere round the course.

Laurel Bank, a natural grand-stand, is a popular venue, and many favour the thrill of seeing the Goose Neck—a dangerous stretch, as its name suggests.

Lovers of the curious and odd fancy the sight of the dare-devils careering through the village street and market square of Ramsey. Others collect near a certain public-house, the wall of which is padded!

On one famous occasion, the story goes, a rider drove straight through the front door. At what speed is not on record!

There are, luckily, comparatively few disasters linked with the T.T., but death and injury always stalk near by.

Is it all worth it? Is it worth a single life?

THE propaganda value of the T.T. is immense. For years it has reflected all over the world the amazing speed and reliability of the British motor-cycle. There is no more punishing test than the T.T., and a victory is the hall-mark of perfection.

Another of its values to the industry—and also to the motor-cyclist—is that most changes and improvements originate during or emerge from the tests.

The T.T. must be thankful for the present high state of frame, gearbox, clutch, brakes, magneto, chains, controls and tyres.

And then, as a sporting event, it is ideal. It has just the right spice of danger; it demands courage, nerve, physical fitness and skill.

In the T.T. you have man and machine in perfect harmony—and may the best man next week be British.

". . the knife slipped . . cut my finger . ."

"In my hurry to get through the household tasks I frequently hurt myself. For instance, only last week I was cutting up some fish when the knife slipped and cut my finger. After washing the cut I smeared it with 'Vaseline' Jelly before bandaging, which kept it beautifully clean and helped it to heal quickly. 'Vaseline' Jelly is always on my kitchen shelf!"

MRS. BLAKER, *London*, S.W.6

THIS is just one instance of many! Nearly every housewife at some time or the other has to contend with minor injuries. In her eagerness to get on with the work, she often ignores these trifling injuries but they so easily may prove serious. For dust and dirt can infect a cut or sore place instantly.

Protect the injury by immediately washing, apply "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and then lightly bandage.

"Vaseline" Jelly soothes the sore spot and hastens natural healing, too!

Your medicine chest should always contain a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It is at any chemists or stores in jars or tins. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

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Blowing Out *the* DEAD END!

Soon there will be no need for the humiliating queue

Chairman of the Advisory Council to the Ministry of Labour, the Earl of Shaftesbury

"WHAT work can I put my boy—my girl—to?" is still one of the most disturbing cries of the time, but it is heard more in the middle class than the working class.

Employers in some of the larger cities are already beginning to feel the pinch.

There are far fewer boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen queueing up for jobs.

The shortage of babies in the war is responsible. Soon it will be a serious national affair.

It is a cheering note in these sad times of unemployment, for it means the youngsters will get a better start in life than their brothers and sisters a few years senior.

There will be fewer dead-end jobs and fewer tragic dead-enders.

The way to this has wisely been prepared by the State during the hard years since the war.

Advisory committees were appointed by the Department of Juvenile Labour. It was realised that 180,000 to 200,000 children leave school each year.

There are half a million from sixteen to seventeen in danger of dead-end jobs.

Except black spots

All over the country these advisory committees sprang up. To-day there are nearly 200 of them, and although the story of their work among the children of the working-classes is buried in official records, its fruits are plain for everyone to see.

Last year the average unemployed figure for Great Britain was just over 3 per cent., and represented about 20,000 boys of between sixteen and seventeen.

Even this low average would have been lower still were it not for "black spots" like the Welsh coalfields, where the figure was 8 per cent. In many parts of the country the figure was between 1 per cent. and 2 per cent.

Also, included in this number were a large proportion who were merely unemployed in the process of changing from job to job.

To-day, the number is still steadily falling. The raising of the school-leaving age will bring a balance between supply and demand for juvenile labour still nearer.

All this will mean—quite apart from the fact of more work being available for every boy and girl immediately on leaving school—that all placings will tend to be of higher quality, and the "blind-alley" jobs will be fewer.

The advisory committees are ready to take full advantage of the better time which is coming. It will bring their work to completion.

Their work is one of the most heartening signs in our civic and national progress—a fine example of the good which can be done by sane and business-like use of national resources, by team-work between employers and public men.

Great work

For all these 200 committees are voluntary and unpaid. Every class is represented; most of them have local employers; all of them have schoolmasters and members of the working population.

Each committee deals with its own local problems in its own way.

Wherever possible, by canvass and direct approach, the committees induce local employers to notify all vacancies direct to them, and thus dispense with advertising and haphazard selection of labour at the works gates.

The local school authorities willingly notify each child about to leave school with a card-record of any choice of occupation and a note of his or her attainments.

Nearly 350,000 vacancies were notified for the last year for which figures are available, and over 280,000 were filled by the committees.

The present progress is at the rate of about [illegible] month [illegible] 6,000 juv[illegible] in their [illegible] tion.

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Wherev[illegible] every eff[illegible] to get [illegible] made [illegible] "blind-alle[illegible] pations

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even selected future empl[illegible] the children were still at sch[illegible]

At Accrington, Hull, [illegible] Blackpool and dozens of [illegible] open meetings are held [illegible] where the young people pl[illegible] ployment are invited to [illegible] report their satisfaction [illegible] with their jobs.

Industry reb[illegible]

A boy may find his wor[illegible] The committees often inform[illegible] concerning conditions, a[illegible] variably suggestions are [illegible] Other positions are found [illegible] dissatisfied with their job[illegible]

In all areas the strong[illegible] divert boys from unskil[illegible] work.

In Manchester the com[illegible] arrangements with the [illegible] the Rubber Industry whe[illegible] boys of fourteen were g[illegible] training in the technic[illegible] lowed by special instru[illegible] works of the employer.

At Macclesfield the [illegible] weaving section of the [illegible] was dying for lack of you[illegible]

The local committee m[illegible] ment with the employer[illegible] which led to a replacem[illegible] labour wastage. It may [illegible] birth of this once famou[illegible]

The committees make [illegible] for the transfer of juve[illegible] tressed areas where no [illegible] able to those where there

Tell everybody!

Hostels were started [illegible] families found, financial [illegible] made and parental fear[illegible] Hundreds of children ha[illegible] transferred and set perm[illegible] means of livelihood.

So this work has gone [illegible] most good work it has [illegible] attention it deserves.

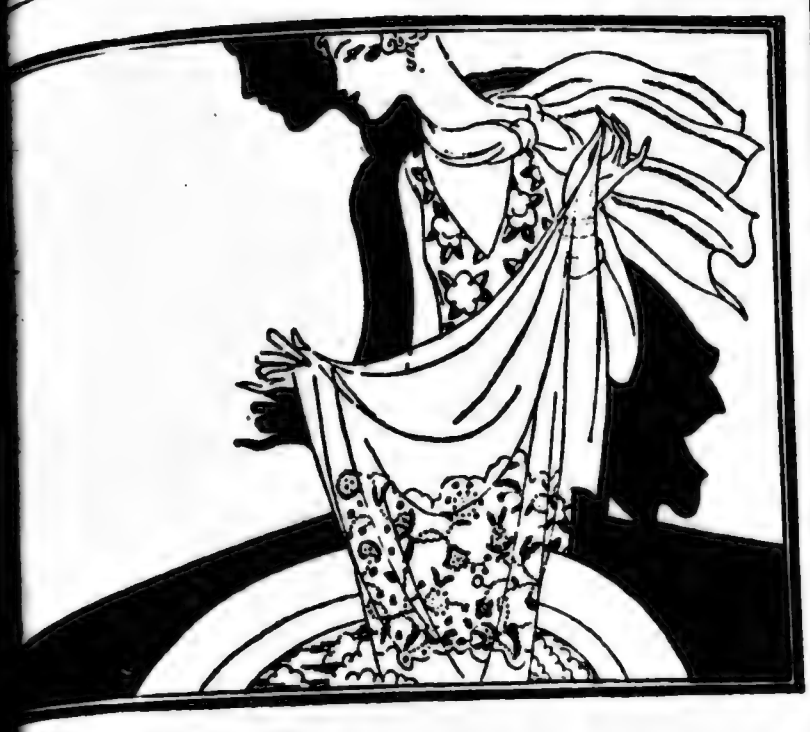
Many of those who [illegible] benefit, the parents of ch[illegible] to leave school, are not [illegible] presence of these comm[illegible] and ready to help them [illegible] problem of what to make [illegible]

To invoke their help [illegible] killing the "blind-alley" [illegible] give every child his natur[illegible] the chance to earn a livi[illegible] for which he has aptitude [illegible]

£500 in your PAY ENVELOPE

Just imagine this sum stuffed inside your pay envelope. It will give you some idea of what it would feel like to win JOHN BULL'S £500 Must-Be-Won Crossword. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry. An extra £50 for runners-up.

Turn to page 32 and have a shot.



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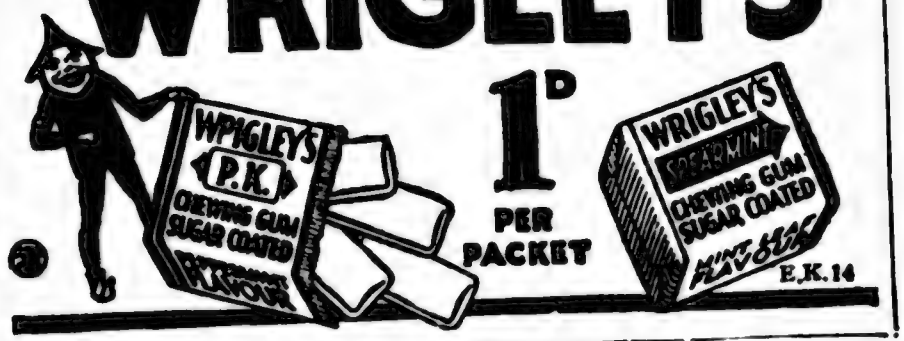

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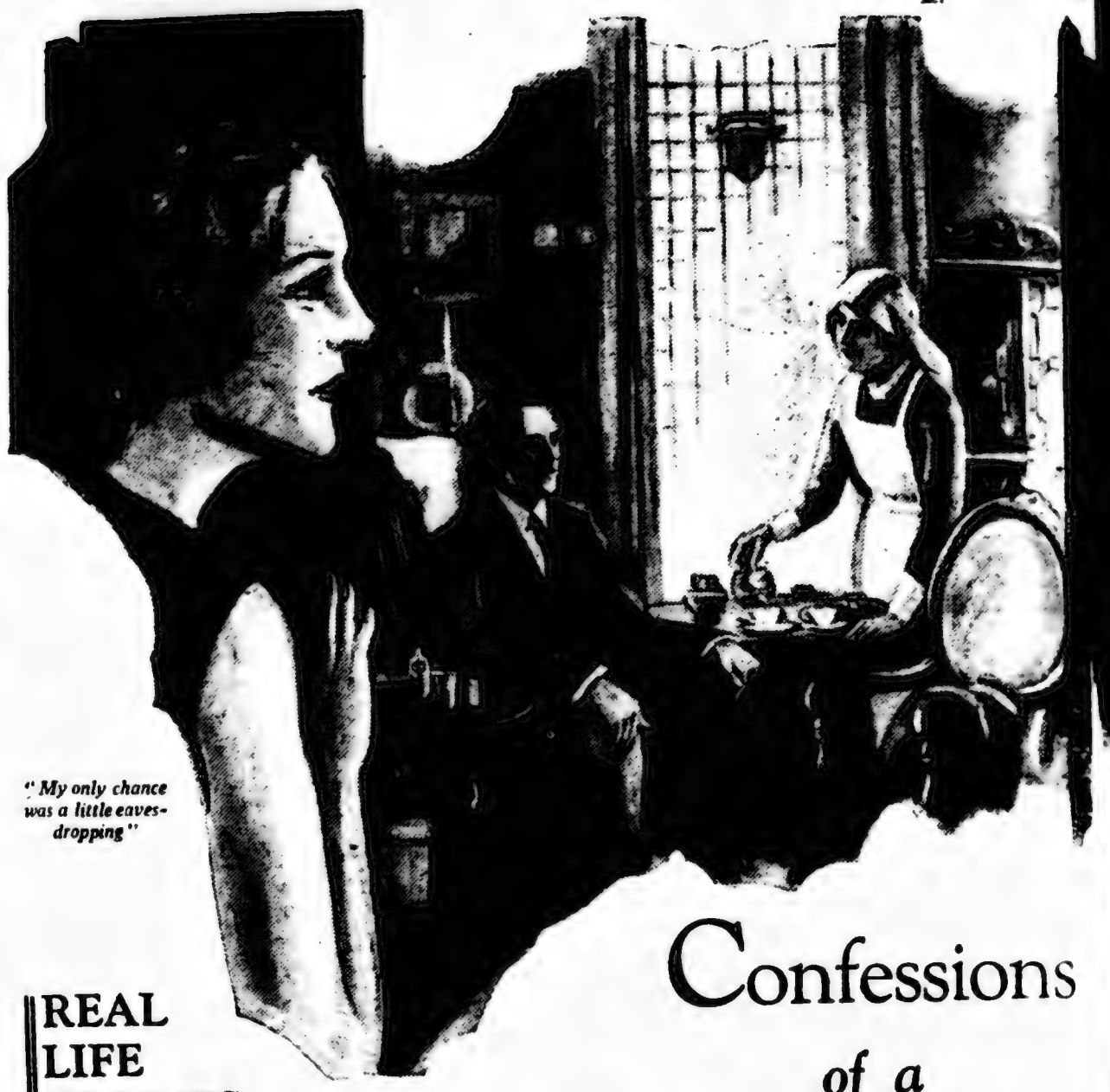

"My only chance was a little eavesdropping"

REAL LIFE STORIES *by Famous Authors*

Confessions of a Gold-Digger

by

MRS. A. M. WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by F. Murray

THE following story is founded upon true events, but for reasons which will be appreciated by the reader, I have deemed it advisable to make certain changes in names and localities.

I have chosen to tell it in the first person, because, obviously, that was how it was first told to me.

• • •

When my brother and I came to England from Canada, I think we were about the best-looking couple in London. We were "on the make," and not only our faces, but our figures, were our fortunes.

We were twins, twenty-one years old, and a good deal alike except that he was dark and I am fair.

This story of my life hasn't got much to do with Tom, so I'll wind up his part in it now by mentioning that he married a rich war widow.

I met the man I married at Monte Carlo, where Tom and his wife took me. I made up my mind from the minute Fred asked to be introduced to me that I would get him.

He seemed ideal for a husband: not strong in health, because the war had left him delicate.

He had loads of money, and would have more when his father died.

The father was a baronet, but Fred was only the second son, so it wasn't much use hoping that he would come into the title.

His elder brother was twice as strong as he, and engaged to be married to an earl's daughter.

The brother was at Monte, too, looking after Fred; so was the fiancée and mother-in-law elect.

The three of them despised me for a gold-digger. This made me all the more determined to marry Fred.

A few moonlight motor-rides and dances did the trick. Fred was mad about me. I took care to make him so.

The British Consul married us; and I honestly liked Fred, and meant to make him happy.

He used to love to dance with me for a partner, and I suppose that hot, stuffy rooms and late hours and cocktails weren't good for his health.

Anyhow, the spring after we had married and settled into a flat in Park Lane, Fred was taken suddenly ill, and the specialists broke it to us both that he'd developed tuberculosis.

We had to give up the flat and the Season and everything. Fred was sent to a sanatorium, where all the windows had to be wide open, rain or shine.

I lived near, in a seaside hotel, because he could hardly bear me out of his sight.

The doctors doubted that Fred would ever be better; and I began to feel that I was doomed to throw away my youth.

Winter came, and Fred was ordered to a horrid hole in the high Alps.

He expected me to go with him, and I consented to do so; but luckily someone hinted to me that weak hearts can't endure high altitudes. I decid[ed] to cultivate weakness of the heart.

This is the time to spring [on] that someone who put me up to [the] weak-heart dodge.

He was a man, of course, exactly [the] kind of man I'd dreamed of when I was a girl at school: dark, tall, [and] handsome, a dare-devil, who had won an M.C. in the war.

His nick-name was Raffles, and [it] suited him; he was such a stealer of love. He had run up a lot of debts and when I found out what a pack of trouble he was in, I lent him £600 out of my allowance.

There couldn't be a greater contrast between two men than between Raffles and Fred. Fred thought Raffles a cad and a bounder, and said so. That was the beginning of my dislike for Fred.

I told his pet doctor that I wasn't strong enough to spend a winter in a dull villa in the bleakest Alps, and said he'd better engage a professional nurse for his patient.

Well, he took me at my word, but instead of getting a man nurse as I expected him to do, he produced a young woman to take charge of the case.

Nurse Nelson was a brunette, and I couldn't help seeing that in her way she was a beauty.

She had great brown eyes and lashes longer than mine; a lovely colour, which came and went as she talked, proving that it was natural.

As I said, I'd begun to dislike Fred. Every little thing he did got on my nerves and made me want to scream.

Deep down in my heart I wanted Fred to die and leave me tons of money, so that I could afford to marry Raffles and have a gay, jolly time the rest of my life.

(Continued on page 26)

This kind of Shave lasts 2 hours longer

YOUR face radiates satisfaction after a shave with Colgate's 'small-bubble' lather . . . you have shaved closer, and it will last longer. Right down to the base of the beard Colgate's 'small-bubble' lather does its work, softening it, just where the razor works.

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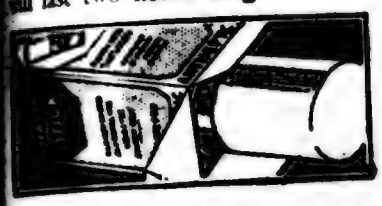

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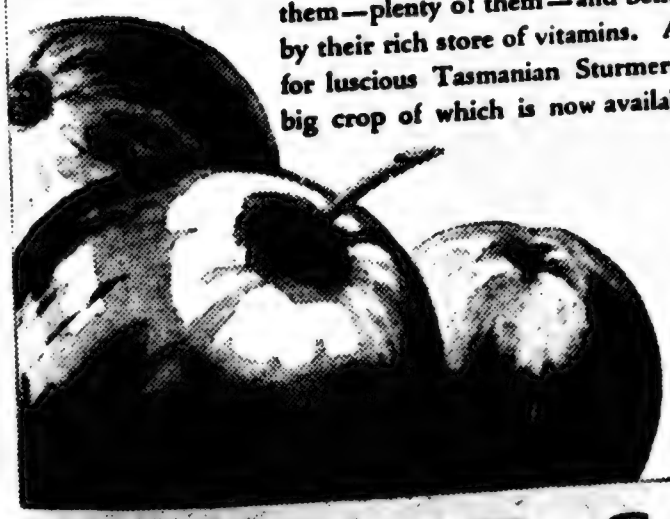

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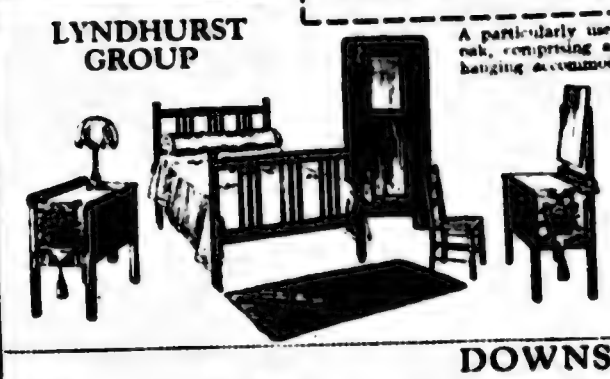

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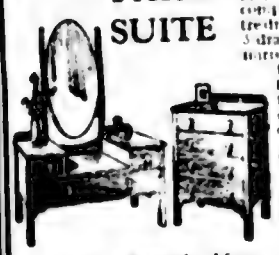

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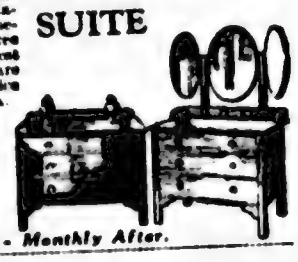
A half Bedroom Suite offering exceptional drawer accommodation. The dressing table with triple frameless mirrors and three drawers and chest with 5 drawers are all finished a nice shade of dark oak.



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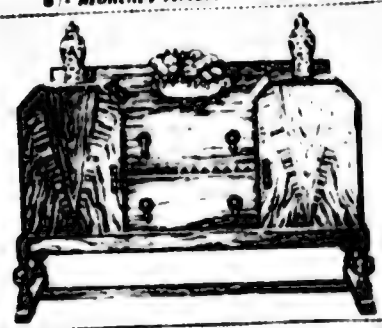

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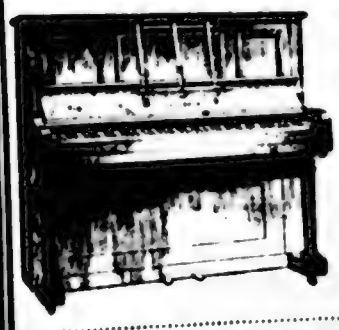

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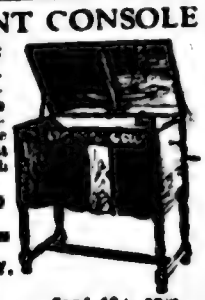

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"Confessions of a Gold-Digger"—continued from page 25

But, in spite of that, I was jealous of Nurse Nelson.

You'd think I would have been glad to see Fred attracted by another woman, so that he'd want to have her with him and leave me free.

Strangely, I wasn't glad. I hated going to that place in Switzerland. All the same, I wouldn't have let Fred travel there with that woman alone.

I could have killed Nurse Nelson when I saw him turning from me to her, depending on her, giving her the pet-name of "Nel."

When I saw that I no longer existed for the man who had worshipped me, I felt myself harden.

My one consolation was in Raffles' letters; but if I had begun by being jealous of Fred and "Nel," I ended up by being a hundred times more jealous of Raffles and various women he wrote me about.

Thanks to the money I continued to lend him (if you could call it lending), while I passed my time with a sick, indifferent husband and his nurse in a gloomy villa in the mountains, Raffles was passing his at Monte Carlo.

I had never been so miserable.

Though I had lost all power over Fred, I seemed to have kept my appeal for the few other men near me, especially Fred's Swiss doctor. I could soon twist him round my finger.

I said, if he would order me to the Riviera for a month, I was sure I should be able to come back; and on that understanding he let me go.

RAFFLES was glad to see me, paid me adorable compliments with words and eyes and acts; neglected all other women for my sake, and did everything possible to give me a good time.

My absence had no bad effect upon Fred; rather the other way round. He improved so much under Nurse Nelson's sway that he was told he might spend the summer in England.

Joyously he wrote me this at Monte Carlo, ignorant that the "cad and bounder" whom he despised was brightening my life there, as "Nel" was brightening his at Davos.

Fred wanted me to go back to England (by this time it was mid-April), find a big country house, furnished, provided with a staff of good servants, and be waiting there for him and Miss Nelson about the end of May.

He suggested Hampshire, not far from Bournemouth, with pines to mingle their balsam with the sea air.

Of course, it was understood that, by doctor's orders, the house must have plenty of large windows which would be wide open night and day.

I was furious. I was even tempted to tell Fred that his brother and grand new sister-in-law could help Nurse Nelson look after him.

Raffles kept his head better than I did, however, and advised me not to upset or offend Fred. He could leave most of his money away from me if he chose, and how would I like that?

Well, I wouldn't like it at all! It would be Fred's brother Bill (now the baronet, following the death of their old father) who would like it.

Just to spite him and his lady wife, more than anything else (they wanted Fred to visit them), I dashed away from Monte and all I held dear, found the ideal house, and like a good wife set myself to making it ready.

Fred and "Nel" arrived—she utterly devoted to him, and his eyes following her wistfully whenever she left the room.

The sight of those two together was as irritating to me as it had been previously. I found myself haunted by that old longing to "get even" with Nurse Nelson.

At the beginning, my sole reason for this was hurt vanity; but one day Fred was seized with a whim to make a new will. He hadn't made one since his big inheritance from his father.

"HEROES ALL"

Next Week's True Story of the War

by Richard Aldington

I felt that the whim had more connection with his dear nurse than with a wish to do justice to his wife.

My only chance was a little eavesdropping, and I managed this by hiding in a book-closet which opened off what Fred called his "study."

I must admit that Fred was not ungenerous to me in the new document he dictated, though I would have been left better off if the old will had stood.

What enraged me was the bequest to his "faithful and devoted nurse"—*twelve thousand pounds!*

Listening to that caused me to feel physically sick.

But after the making of the new will, a box appeared on the table drawn up beside Fred's bed.

It was a smallish, steel box, and there was a padlock on it.

Several months dragged on. Autumn was upon us.

Fred wasn't as strong as he had been in early summer, but the specialist who came now and then from London said that the invalid might live for years, if he would spend six months out of every twelve in the high Alps.

I got the feeling that I couldn't endure having him start off for Switzerland again; and a kind of plan formed in my mind.

NURSE Nelson stuck to Fred like his shadow; but one day I persuaded him that he was selfish not to insist upon her taking a holiday of a few weeks.

Fred was so distressed at the suggestion of "selfishness" that he actually did insist.

Before she went, however, the woman had the impudence to offer me advice.

"If he should get one of his pleurisy attacks, please, please wire for me to come," she begged.

I didn't let her drag a promise from me, though she may have taken it for granted that I would do what she asked.

I felt bitter when I saw how Fred missed the woman. His strength went down and his temperature went up.

The weather turned, and became more like winter than autumn, with a fierce, northerly gale that blew rain through all those open windows.

Fred developed some queer new symptoms. How was I to know that it was pleurisy?

I didn't know. But, as I am telling the truth about myself, I confess that I suspected. My time to act or rather *not* to act, had come at last.

Nurse Nelson had dined into his ears that in pleurisy, unless the weather were good, the treatment ought to be changed.

Dampness must be kept out of the sickroom, and there must be an open fire carefully watched so that there be no chill, yet never too much heat.

I chose to forget these things. Fred hated a hot room, so I saw that there be a fire merely to please the nurse who wasn't there?

He was delirious when I thought it safe to send for help. I sent for the London specialist. It took him a long time to reach us, and when he came it was too late.

"His nurse should never have left him!" he scolded.

"I've telegraphed for her brother," I said meekly.

THIS was true; I had telegraphed. But Fred was gone before they arrived.

Somehow that little steel box which used to stand on the writing-table beside the bed disappeared, and it seemed that Fred's solicitor had a copy of the new will, so apparently the only one must have been kept in the box.

There was no proof against me, and I hadn't even been told that there was a will anywhere, much less in a box.

Nurse Nelson didn't get a penny.

However, that wasn't my affair. At least, I told myself a hundred times a day that it wasn't.

In my crape I was more beautiful than I had ever been, and I ought to have been happy. I was rich and free, and I was going to marry Raffles as soon as the year of mourning should be over.

I had to keep telling myself these things, especially that I was free. I said this over and over again: "Fred, you're free—free as air." But it was strange, heavy freedom, weighing upon me like chains.

I could never shut my eyes at night without seeing Fred's face as he had looked the day he died, until I took some drug to throw me into a dreamless sleep.

Even then I would often start awake hearing Fred's choked, hoarse whisper, "Why doesn't she come? She could save me."

I couldn't stand England or the Riviera. I went to Egypt, but was no happier there. I grew thinner.

I wanted Raffles. I thought if we were with me things would be right again. We met secretly in a hotel in Provence. We were so careful that no one we knew would see us together.

Then one day when we were taking a walk who should flash by but Nurse Nelson. She was thin and pale.

She looked at me—and those haunting looks like those staring at the door hoping for her to come!

When we got back to the hotel Raffles made me take a little brandy and soda. I needed it.

And yet I've often wished since how queer how a habit grows on you, how you can't live without drugs even when you're vain and know how slowly you're spoiling your beauty.

SLOWLY, did I say? Well, it was slow at first; but Raffles and I married before the year was up, after all.

Marriage with him was a daily disappointment. The minute I was his wife, he had eyes only for other women.

I hate to see myself in a bitter mood these days, especially in a bright sunshine. It's my own fault I know, for I am young still, but I can't help it. I'll have to go on and on till the end.

The worst of it will be when Fred. But maybe I won't go with him. Raffles says I won't, when he's in one of his ugly moods.

'Betty!

Where are your *Reckitt's Bath Cubes?*

Mine are all gone as usual!'

Just a bath! But not the routine kind of bath! A bath that's made better and more bracing by a Reckitt's Bath Cube. It's a new delight—that's neither dear nor difficult to have. The fragrant, soothing influence in the water. Nothing but comfort and coaxing! And it's such a healthful thing to have. *The water cleanses your pores.* It rejuvenates and refreshes your skin and leaves it so smooth and supple. Wherever you live, Reckitt's Bath Cubes are a luxury of life. If you live where the water is at all hard, they are a sheer necessity.

Reckitt's Bath Cubes can be obtained in four perfumes—*Lily of the Valley*, *Lavender*, *Verbena* and *Essence of Flowers*—from all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc., at 2d. each or in cartons of 6 cubes for 1/-

RECKITT'S BATH CUBES

Healthful and invigorating

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KILL THEM ALL

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For garden use ask for AGRITOX. 2/- bottle makes 5 gallons.

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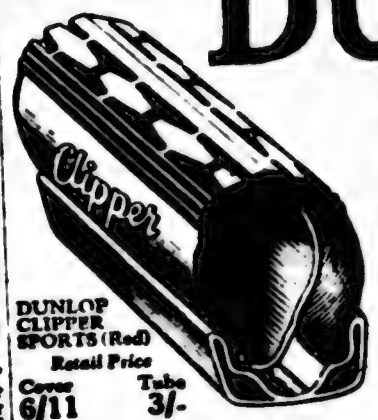

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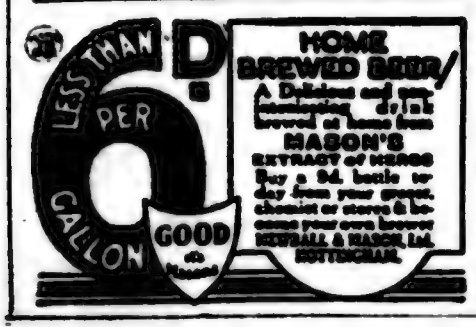

"DEAD MAN" who wants to COME to LIFE AGAIN

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

HAVING joined the Army in 1913, when war broke out I was drafted to France and was severely wounded. I was taken to a French hospital. Meantime, I was reported by the War Office as "killed in action."

Nearing my discharge, I deserted from the hospital and managed to get back to England. I did not go near my own home, but got a job at shell-making.

Fed up, after a few months I joined up again in a fresh regiment and under an assumed name.

Back in the trenches, I received a wound that was as nearly as possible a knock-out.

I still made no move to write home, but, after a long period in hospital, I received a complete discharge, and along with this a life-pension.

I managed to get light work in London.

One day I was hailed by an old schoolmate, who greeted me as though he saw a ghost. He was up in town on holiday.

He said that everyone who knew me in my home town had mourned me as dead, and that my widowed mother was drawing a pension on my behalf.

I begged him to preserve my secret for fear of my mother getting into trouble or being made to repay. He stuck to his promise, and in addition gave me news from time to time of my mother's wellbeing.

Six years ago she died, having drawn a pension for me to the last.

To-day the matter is lying heavy on my mind, and I want to know, now that my mother is dead, how I can set the mistake right.

"HUMANIST" says: Since you forgot that to a mother's heart a living son is better than a dead pension, there remains only the legal course.

This is to write to the Records Office of the regiment from which you deserted, notifying that you are an absentee without leave from that unit.

Also disclose the facts to the Ministry of Pensions to secure that records of your decease are expunged and pension issued in your correct name.

As things are, you are officially "dead" and without identity.

GAVE BLOOD,

lost love

TWO years ago I was involved in a lorry smash whilst travelling through the tangled streets of an old cathedral city.

I severed an artery, and the loss of blood was so severe that the hospital doctors declared that nothing but an immediate transfusion of blood would save my life.

My old parents offered themselves, but they were refused, and my sweetheart, although she was not strong, gave her blood on several occasions.

She did not stand the ordeal as well as had been hoped, and had to take to her bed for some week[s] she underwent no litt[le]

I admit that my r[e]tirely due to this sacri[fice] as fit as ever, but she [is] her living.

I am back at work a[gain] again in the world. [To]wards this girl have [I] I cannot feel the lov[e] have towards his futur[e]

Quarrels between u[s] and I am plagued by [fear] that if tied together w[e] be able to agree, but [I] would never be able [to] healthy children.

Finance also enters m[y problem] although I can afford [to k]eep a [wife] if I marry a strong w[oman able] look after house and chil[dren] her own work, I cannot [ask] a delicate creature who [will req]the constant help of a ma[n].

Her sister hints that [I] the "heavy" work, but I [do not] care I don't embark [on marriage] with that extra mouth to [feed].

I have made the acqu[aintance of] new female friend, who [has point]out that this marriage w[ould only] tail endless misery. I [am beginn]to think it would be bes[t to break] engagement.

"HUMANIST" says: Th[e girl] your life, thinking you [would be] husband. If your life [is worth a] sort of sacrifice, then you [must make] your sacrifice. Time [will show] problem. She may reco[ver].

Fly to the Rescue!

Every mother and father cannot boast an Amy Johnson, but all our readers can share in Mrs. Johnson's maxim—"I love to make people a little happier, if I can"—by sending help to "The Greatest of These —" Fund.

A case in point will be found on page 34. You can fly to the rescue there.

HOMELY WISDOM— —by CANON R J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONE DAY: ONE LIFE

LONG ago, when I was little more than a youth, I was greatly troubled by a situation to which I felt unequal. There was nothing much that I could do, and things were looking pretty black.

I consulted a friend about it, but all that he said was, "You will die to-night!"

What he meant was that neither of us knew what would happen; we could not alter things, and it was useless to worry about them.

His advice, therefore, was that I should do the best I could with the one day before me, and begin afresh on the morrow as though I were re-born.

IT was not bad advice, provided one could take it, to live one day at a time; for a mistake that most people make is that of adding to-morrow's troubles to those of to-day.

In fact, it is usually to-morrow's troubles that darken to-day. We could get through to-day all right if it were not for the thought of what may happen to-morrow.

I heard a voice at evening softly say:
"Bear not thy yesterday into to-morrow,
Nor load this week with last week's load of sorrow;
Lift all thy burdens as they come, nor try
To weight the present with the by-and-by.
One step and then another, take thy way—
Live day by day."

With this early experience of mine in mind, I once preached a sermon to a London congregation on the question: What would you do if you knew that you had but one day to live?

After the service I was driven home by a young fellow who was just starting for himself in the motor-trade. The question had impressed him, and he answered it by saying: "I should go down to the garage and get on with my job."

I believe he would; I know that chap: he has made good and is now doing well.

I think Amy Johnson is the same sort of person; but I often wonder whether it would be easily possible for the ordinary man or woman to act in any such way.

If I knew for certain that to-day was my last day on earth, I should want to call a halt in my ordinary activities and see and bid farewell to as many as possible of the people I love.

What a mercy it is that we don't know! If we did know we could not help but be affected by the knowledge.

WHEN people do know that the end is near it is because they have had ample physical warning, and in that case they know well enough beforehand that their earthly work is finished, for they have become incapable of doing it.

While health and strength and opportunity remain to us we should use them to the full, but never look too far ahead.

As a wise man once said, It is a good rule to make every day bear its own burden and no more.

TWO FAMILIES

—one "husband"

MY husband treate[d me fa]well for the first [two or th]years after our m[arriage] was in busines[s and] short of money. Intere[sted] in p[ub]affairs, he became a [justice] of [the] peace.

After a while disagre[ements] bec[a]frequent, and on several [occasions] husband treated me [with act]violence.

We separated, and the[n I heard] there was another woma[n] and that a child had [been born].

Later he appealed [for] and we again lived tog[ether]stead of keeping to his [part] husband not only brou[ght] house the child that [was] cause of all the trouble [with] mother.

I insisted that both [should leave] and my husband retalia[ted by] ening to turn me out [of the house].

I have spent whole ni[ghts] the cold with my baby r[olled] stopping alone with him [for fear].

I have endured the [greatest] hearing my children [abuse] which they saw in th[eir] which I dare not give th[em].

Finally, I had to go [to court] against my desire, and [a separation] order was granted.

For some years I rec[eived] with fair regularity. I[n time] band got the amount re[duced] successfully appealed [and] original sum restored. [He will now] pay it, though he is qu[ite well off] I am elderly and tire[d and feel] with the worry and litiga[tion. I would] like now to be free of [the man altogether], but have not the [means to] stitute proceedings for [divorce].

"HUMANIST" says: Ap[ply for a] person if you can prove [that your husband] band has committed adul[tery since you] last condoned his offence

AGE 16 TO 45

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

A WRITER once wrote: "God gave us memories that we might have roses in December."

My opinion of Lloyd George is that for generations to come "roses in December" will be the fragrance of memory to his name.

"Lloyd George" is a double meaning name to-day.

In millions of homes he is awaited with growing interest each week, for the sick, the ailing, and the disabled, along with the pensioners Darby and Joan, wait for the coming of their "Lloyd George."

He needs no memorial, for his name will ever be it.—*John Hulme, Bolton.*

Forget Slogans

He is a man I prefer not to think about. He has muddled his way through, using a great intellect, and a show of wit, to gloss over our crying evils.

He is the head of a dead Party, and is the only part still alive. The tail died long ago. He is a man who thinks of Party first and foremost, and for such a man I have no regard.

Let him forget his slogans and get back to business.—*A. L. Woolf, London.*

Celt to Celt

Whilst acknowledging his services to Britain, I deem him a failure.

He never realises that passionate fervour which stimulates a warring nation is futile against peace-time problems demanding dispassionate treatment.

As a Welshman, I understand the gymnastic workings of the Celtic mind, and know that they create distrust without deceiving the phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon.

Ignoring that fact, he has foolishly underrated Englishmen, and, in addition, has wrecked his Party by his fantastic tactics.

He should quit the political field before his *débâcle* is complete.—*Taffy, Flintshire.*

As a Gentleman

My youngest sister entered his service as a parlour-maid at his home near here.

His consideration, his courtesy, and his family bearing are beyond praise.

Many thoughtful acts that lightened the day for my sister have been told me. Many a cheering word spoken at the right time has revealed his deep humanity.

He may be a politician. I prefer to think of him as a gentleman.—*J. M., Surrey.*

Squandered Millions

A man who has bamboozled a whole political Party by his rhetoric and energy into making it believe he was a gifted statesman and leader.

MY OPINION *of*—

"Would have outwitted Stalin . . . anticipated . . . A. G. Gardiner," on page 9

One can only think his felicitous health insurance scheme was pure luck: the particle of grain that must accrue to all prodigious heavers of chaff.

Had he followed up his health insurance scheme with statesmanship revealing the same foresight and initiative he would have been among Britain's greatest men.

He followed it up, however, with reckless squandermania during the war, and, at the last election, the feeblest policy with which any Party in history has ever stepped into the political arena.—*M. J. Filey.*

Wizard—and Hero

There were eight of us boys serving during the war, and I, the youngest, am proud of him for keeping mum and dad "ever hoping" by his steadfast optimism through the dark days.

His was the guiding hand, the ceaseless toil, the striving to get things done for victory.

I saw him in later years expounding his land policy, and knew him for a born leader; a witty, brainy, and straight-from-the-shoulder fighter.

Wizard? Maybe. Yet, summing him up by the standards of other politicians, he remains my hero.—*C. West, Devon.*

They Asked Too Much

His name was an inspiration to almost every Britisher during the war.

At its conclusion, soldiers rested to recondition themselves for the peace problems. Not so with him.

Amidst all the chaos of that time the war-weary David proclaimed his policy for dealing with the unsettled state of Britain and Europe.

Men rose to power shouting his name; then turned upon him.

However, if to-day millions of people would speak their mind, they would say, "We love and esteem him."—*Ex-Service Man, Leeds.*

Sex Appeal

Although he has n… many things as I wo… cannot stifle that almo… feeling I have had for h…

Every time I see a … lished of him I feel … around my heart—such … face makes one forgive …

Maybe it's because I … perhaps some old … appeal.—*Sylvia, Coventry.*

Into the Wilderness

After forty years in P… politically a spent force …

As leader of the once … Party, he has dissipated … and led it into the wi…

He is a master of the … language, which usually … smoke-screen designed … renness of his accomplishments …

His "rare and refreshing … been found to be of the Dead … variety, and his "country … still exists only in his … *James Nelson, Fifeshire.*

But Still Going

A Chancellor who m… a by-word; a Pacifist with … scription, controlled army … and ended by becoming …

Has been in turn the … tans and the proletariat … the Conservative Party … Labour Party, wrecked …

The greatest politica… history, and yet the most … forceful and the most … character of our time … means finished yet.—*Brum.*

He has great will-power … He knows it, and we all … knows it. That s… *P. H., Dorking.*

To-day he amazes you … may exasperate you; … interests you.—*A. J. Tr…*

At present he is only … remnant-counter in the … Stores, but the head … depends a good deal on … to pay the dividends.—*G…*

Race with "Silver Ring"

ASCOT—*Same Again!*

THREE of my first four for the Derby actually finished in the first four, but it is no use crying over spilt milk for placing them in the wrong order.

I was obsessed by the Ballyferis fever before the Irish colt was cast in his box. This did not enhance his chance; but he does not stay.

Over short cuts the losses will come back, for he ran very fast, and was with the leaders at Tattenham Corner.

Now for Ascot. The old order was: "Follow Manton." I am inclined to think the advice will pay again. Epsom proved that the horses from this clever stable are cherry ripe. Also note "Atty" Persse's two-year-olds.

Most of the best horses at the Royal meeting hold several engagements, and it is like looking for needles in haystacks to determine their races, let alone find the winners.

So I shall confine my attention to four of the big plums, and leave the rest to the Code.

Ortello, the Italian crack, will probably run in the Gold Cup, but his recent mishap is dead against his chance.

Hotweed—a winner of the French Derby and the Grand Prix—is the best from France.

Of our champion stayers I like The Bastard and Friendship best. I think both will beat the invaders and expect The Bastard to win.

Coaster may capture the Ascot Stakes. In this son of Planet, Vic Smyth has one of the most improved four-year-olds in training.

The Royal Hunt Cup is the usual Chinese puzzle. I believe in going for a proved miler, and take sides with Lion Hearted.

Eclath is a good each-way wager for the Wokingham Stakes.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 12, to Wednesday, June 18.

C G D B M F E W 2 K U 9 S L Z
5 X Y P J O V 3 A I T N R H Q

52EV9YF would read CAVENDO.

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be.

"SILVER RING."

WHY I WANT (Don't Want) TO F…

[The flying season begins on … Rolly at Hendon, followed by … Force Display on June 28.]

ORIGINAL letters upon … not exceeding 100 … 10s. will be paid for each … Envelopes, marked "Le… must reach us by first … June 17.

The man who smokes Player's gets Quality

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

GRAVES
FASHIONABLE SUMMER STYLES

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of **Costumes, Suits, Frocks and Coats for all occasions**, all made in the best style and offered at the keenest prices on Easy Payment Terms.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Write stating style of garment you are interested in, and a full range of samples of the actual materials will be sent you, together with self-measurement Form and all particulars.

FROM 5/-

WE also offer amazing value in Fine Sports Wear Suits, Jumpers, Underwear, Corsets and Hosiery, Macs and Costumes, Wool at Bargain Prices. Debt Settlement Plan. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns, or call at our showrooms. Monthly payments arranged. All goods sent on approval.

We have 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION?

Countless remedies are advertised for constipation. Many relieve for the moment, but they are habit forming and must be continued. Others contain calomel and dangerous mineral drugs, which remain in the system, settle in the joints and cause aches and pains. Some are harsh purgatives which cramp and gripe and leave a depressed after effect.

Avoid lubricating oils which only grease the intestines and encourage Nature's machinery to become lazy.

A purely vegetable laxative such as Carter's Little Liver Pills, gently touches the liver, bile starts to flow, the bowels move easily, the intestines are thoroughly cleansed and constipation poisons pass away. The stomach, liver and bowels are now active and the system enjoys the effect of a real tonic. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- pkgs.

Before you spend that 2/6d remember—it brings a Mead

Our record offer includes: Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Free Insurance against loss or theft. Free lamp, bell and tools. 15 days' free trial. 20 modern styles. Prices from £3:19·6 cash. Send coupon (½d. stamp in unsealed envelope) or P.C. for free Catalogue.

Branches: Birmingham Bull St. & Smallbrook St.; 32 High Street, King's Heath; 148 Yardley Rd., Acocks Green; Liverpool 13 Renshaw St.; Leeds 80 Vicar Lane; London: 10 Oxford Street, W.1.

WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS

To MEAD LTD., Dept. B. 736 BIRMINGHAM

Please send our free-your 1930 Cash Catalogue

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

USE A PENCIL—IT'S PLAINER

2 Special FREE Offers!

Turn to the CICFA (p. 29) and SHAVEX (Back Cover) Advertisements—NOW!

Sail in and Win

John Bull's Great

£500 MUST-BE-WON

X-Word

GET on the right tack this week and steer your way skilfully with a "ho-heave-ho!" past the winning post. Then you'll be able to "splice the mainbrace" and you and your merry crew will enjoy the holiday of your lives.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to "**John Bull," Crosswords (No. 68), 23, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, June 19th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and crossed & Co. and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, July 3rd.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, July 8th,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of 5s. which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to **The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful scratches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this conditions is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

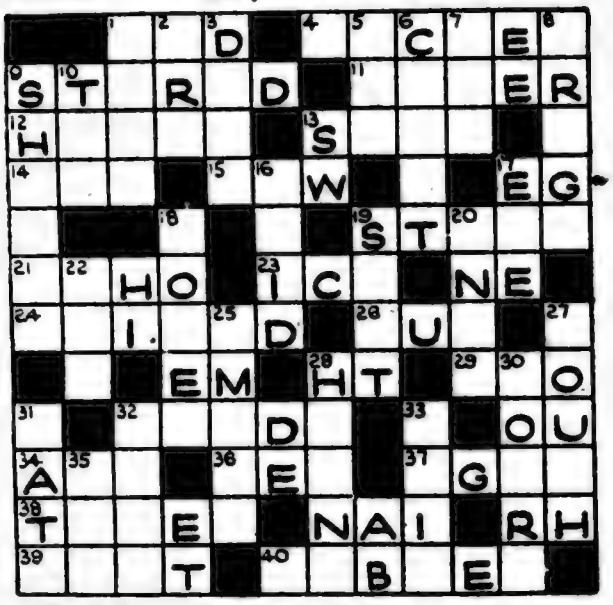
14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), June 19th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 68

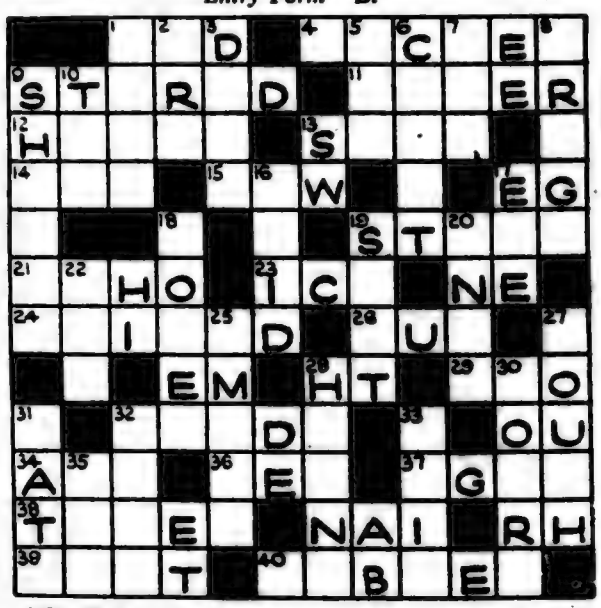
Entry Form "A."



JB-68

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB-68

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), June 19th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

An extra £5 for runners-u

"JOHN BULL" [illegible] for a correct [illegible] one Form of [illegible] Crossword No. 68 [illegible] low. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded [illegible] reader whose entry is [illegible] correct solution. [illegible] £50 will be divided [illegible] those competitors [illegible] tions contain one error only [illegible] only one error more than [illegible] winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity [illegible] competitor may send in more than one sixpenny [illegible] —entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims for [illegible] No entries accepted after [illegible] day (noon), 19th June.

Solution of puzzle [illegible] lished in JOHN BULL [illegible] Thursday, June 26th. Winners will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July 3rd.

Result of Crossword No. [illegible] appears on page 12

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early!

Clues Across.

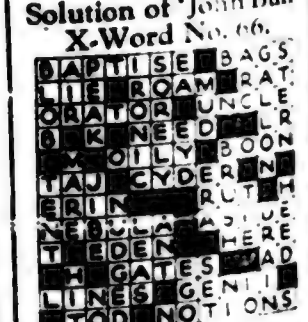
1. Human and masculine.
4. A gun is before it is used.
9. Put away.
11. More free.
12. People live in this.
13. Render unconscious.
14. Monkey.
15. Order.
19. Hold up the mast.
21. Reverberated sound.
22. Congealed water.
24. When a ship has left port.
28. Religious woman.
29. Pipes.
32. On one side.
34. Atmosphere.
36. Number of Little Nigger Boys.
37. Excited.
38. Make a wood.
39. A branch.
40. Used when instructing schoolchildren.

Clues Down.

1. Shows strong affection.
2. Part of verb "to be."
3. A valley.
5. Often.
6. Seen on the table at mealtimes.
7. Range of knowledge.
8. Stage villain does to victim.
9. Carpenter's plane does this.
10. The head.
16. Not sweet.
17. Organ of vision.
18. Go into the ground.
19. Despatched.
20. Indian rein.
22. There's one on a locomotive.
23. Throws out.
27. May get you down.
28. Used in dyeing the hair.
30. Open into rooms.
31. Often made of straw.
32. Space.
33. Conveys letters.
35. Wrath.

Chambers's 20th Century [illegible] *Nuttall's Dictionary* [illegible] used in compiling [illegible]

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 66.



JB 66

Result will be published [illegible] The solution of [illegible] X-word No. 66 is [illegible] with as many [illegible] our X-word [illegible] wish to emphasise [illegible] claims are required [illegible] X-word, as all [illegible] being carefully [illegible] our staff.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

J. M. T. (London, E.C.).—"No commodity can get into the public eye unless it is well advertised." Grapefruit, of course, is excepted.

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

L (Brighton).—"Is brandy good for ...ness?" ...rt is better.

... B (Hi... Green).—"Husbands ... the men ... prehistoric days." Their ... took ... beating, too.

... H (Barne...).—"I am very absent-... This ... s doubtful if a statue ... ever be cr...ed to your memory.

... C (Bury ...).—"Nowadays a woman ... rarely ...ooks her age." She just ...looks it.

... M (Fro...).—"What is the ideal ... for a dr...ng-room carpet?" The ... of ca... e-ash.

... R (Ex...m).—"There is altogether too m... love in fiction." The ... is eq... true.

... R (Clan...).—"Shall we have an ...ish summ... this year?" We fear ...

... S (I... th).—"Should gramophones play ... or ordinary music?" ...

Miss C. S. ...wanage).—"I didn't actually hit him the ...st three times he proposed. Perh... you weren't there.

... B (Chep...ow).—"I never told lies when I was ...ungster." At what age did you start?

... P (Brigh...).—"It has been agreed that I shall ...the one to call at your ..." Not ...s.

... K (Eis...).—"Theme songs get on the nerves ... before they are heard over the wire... And also on the nerves.

... B (Cl...al).—"I enclose you a specimen of ...y art to which I am addicted." T... our advice and get a cure.

Miss H. ...nor).—"I have written a book entitled 'Dumb Animals I have Known,' and ...ted it to my husband." He should ...ow best.

... T (Ab...een).—"Do you have to get a certi...e from a doctor before you can ge... drink in America?" No, you'll probably need one afterwards.

... D (Pe...).—"There are some who work with ... brains, and there are those who work ... with their hands." And ..., of ..., there are those who sit in Gov...nment offices.

S. T. (Arnside).—"Is there anything more terrible than war?" Only war novels.

S. H. (Troon).—"He said I hadn't the brains of a rabbit." Never mind. Perhaps you have.

SAM (Derby).—"Some judges have very short tempers." Well, think what a trying time they have.

EVE (Coulsdon).—"Many a heart was broken when I married." How many times have you been married?

V. A. (Harrogate).—"Some animals have their points." For instance, porcupines.

A. B. (Gosport).—"I've just finished a nice bit of ploughing." In how many holes?

DISGUSTED (Richmond).—"Most holiday-makers are pigs." So you judge them by their litter?

S. C. (Machynlleth).—"All through life the numbers 3, 5 and 7 have brought me bad luck." That's odd.

D. S. (Dunbar).—"The modern girl is so charming she well-nigh beggars description." She well-nigh beggars father, too.

E. N. (Portland).—"Wireless concerts unite many families." It must be nice all to meet again in the same padded room.

A. J. (Worcester).—"The woman is always responsible for the romance in marriage." And the man for the romancing.

W. D. S. (Edinburgh).—"Did you know that one of the foremost dramatic critics started life as a navvy?" Yes; and we understand he never sees a play without picking holes in it.

H. C. (Grimsby).—"Some people say that it is unlucky to mention certain animals to fishermen." And it's generally unlucky to mention certain animals to bookmakers.

D. B. (Dorchester).—"It has been found that only one Englishwoman in twenty-five has a full-time servant to do her work." This sounds like a studied attempt to ignore the uncomplaining English husband.

L. E. (Gravesend).—"I have a corn on the bottom of my foot." Well, nobody can tread on it but you.

JOHN S. (Portobello).—"Noisy crows in a neighbouring wood have made me change my abode." Caws and effect!

A. F. (Warwick).—"The British piano takes a bit of beating." We have often been surprised at what it will stand.

J. R. (Templeton).—"I listen to both sides of everything." Even gramophone records?

H. K. (Ilford).—"Table scraps may be converted into many things." Including grounds for divorce.

ELSIE (Tintagel).—"I can never stoop to anything low." But have you tried dieting?

T. T. (Romford).—"Water should be boiled three times." And what should be done with it afterwards?

T. G. (Burton-on-Trent).—"All my children are married." Then you haven't a single one left.

E. D. (Cardiff).—"Can you see the point of my question." No. You put it rather bluntly.

A. P. (Liscard).—"My wife and I work together and all the money is in one pocket." Hers?

S. M. (Wales).—"Women can't live without men." And some of them can't live with them.

P. N. (Barnes).—"Have you ever heard of anyone being stung by a wasp with fatal results?" To the wasp, yes.

L. T. (Cambridge).—"Why is an income-tax form made so confusing?" The authorities like to tax one's memory.

S. W. (Dowlais).—"Lambs are not skipping much this spring." Perhaps their fond mothers do not allow them sufficient rope.

H. C. (Christchurch).—"I've invented a gramophone to break all records." Then we must buy one for our neighbour's records.

NEWLYWED (Peckham).—"Sometimes my wife won't talk, and acts like a baby." You mean she howls till she gets what she wants.

ROLAND (Edinburgh).—"My fiancée is very clever at cards. She told me my fortune." Wait till she starts cutting it.

W. N. (Bolton).—"I had the idea for the enclosed article a long while ago, but hadn't the time to write it." What a pity you found the time.

GLADYS (Hastings).—"I like a novel which ends up with the marriage of the hero and heroine." We prefer a happy ending.

T. M. F. (Oldham).—"Owing to bad trade, I will have to forgo my annual holiday this year." Don't despair. Let JOHN BULL take you to Blackpool. Just follow the directions on page 35.

H. G. (Deptford).—"If you want to live long, you must visit your dentist every two months." After weighing pros and cons, we've decided we don't want to live long.

FASHION WRITER (London, E.C.).—"The old starched shirt has come back after a long disappearance." You will no doubt be careful not to send it to the same laundry a second time.

T. M. (Aldershot).—"The latest military suggestion is that science should be taught to the soldiers." It might prove useful for them to know the boiling-point (Fahrenheit) of a serjeant-major.

H. P. L. (New York).—"There was trouble because, when a Prohibition officer entered my house he found a bottle of whisky and a glass on the table." Naturally; you should have put another glass on the table.

GEORGE (Dulworth).—"How can I live without her?" Cheaper.

J. T. (Eccles).—"Will Niagara Falls ever dry up?" Will you?

SCIENTIST (Barry).—"Life is as great a riddle as ever." And we all give it up in time.

L. N. (Epsom).—"What does the average healthy man want with whisky?" Soda.

I. M. (Epsom).—"I know all there is to know about beer." From bitter experience?

H. M. (Paris).—"The summer creations this year will be full of the weirdest eccentricities." You are not being very gallant.

OPERATOR (City).—"The telephone service receives surprisingly few complaints." That's only because so many subscribers try to get their complaints through by 'phone.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

WHY WAIT UNTIL YOU CAN AFFORD IT
Blanford's WAY MEANS LONGER TO PAY
FREE GIFT of FLANNEL TROUSERS with EACH SUIT
To celebrate the opening of our new wing, we are giving a splendid quality well-tailored Pair of FLANNEL TROUSERS with every Suit purchased at 55/-
These Suits are made of the famous fashionable Glengala Tweed. The cloth is guaranteed for hard wear, will not shrink, and will keep its shape. Perfectly tailored and cut on West End lines. No better suit could be made for double the price. We are pioneers of ready-to-wear, bespoke tailoring, and guarantee to fit you perfectly. We only want your chest measure over vest, and your height. Send for a suit, and we will surprise you with the quality of cloth, the make, cut, trimmings, and tip-top value. In shades of dark and medium Grey, dark and medium Brown, Blue, and Blue-Grey. Also in Heather mixture. All these patterns can be had with a faint stripe on the plain cloth. Send 2/6 (no further payment required until you have had the Suit one month) and agree to pay 7/6 per month.
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SIDE-Slips

Genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are invited. Printers' errors not wanted. Actual cutting must be sent; a number of each item published. Mark envelope, "Slip."

WOMAN'S WEEKLY: —"'Need you make excuses?' Clova asked, looking a DEAD WOMAN'S."

DAILY CHRONICLE:—"A thrush yesterday hatched out five eggs BUILT in a day."

WOMAN'S FRIEND:—"At home his mother and father SAT in the dining-room, the latter PACING TO AND FRO."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Mr. ——— died suddenly to-day at Lakewares FOR THE NIGHT."

NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE:—"A pinch of salt added to cake icing prevents it cracking and graining."

THE ROVER:—"Then Mr. ——— searched the HOUSE from the ... and dropped it."

STAFFORDSHIRE WEEKLY SENTINEL:—"A member of the choir was the FIRST PRIZE in the open class for tenor solos."

SHORT STORIES:—"Mary's FACE sounded to Smith like a hopeless prayer."

ADVENTURE:—"Piles of DEAD and DYING vultures lay about him. Then suddenly they ALL ROSE and sped skywards."

LEICESTER MAIL:—"It is believed that the cause of the explosion WAS ETERNAL combustion."

DEVON AND EXETER GAZETTE:—"The Mayor of Torquay held a RECEPTION."

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture

SENT ON TRIAL

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(468J) 83, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2
(468J) 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book, and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME.....

(ADDRESS.....
Please write plainly).....

PSORIASIS

Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

45/- SUITS FOR 19/6

Great Advertising Offer
CASH REFUNDED IF EVERY 19/6 SUIT NOT HONESTLY WORTH 45/-

To the first three hundred JOHN BULL readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45/- Gent's Suits for merely 19/6, no more to pay, or Boys' Suits from 9/11. This offer is not a catch. It is a genuine effort on our part to get readers to talk about our wonderful value. Bear this well in mind, readers. If for any reason you do not consider the suit supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/- return it and we will refund your 19/6 together with 1/- for your trouble in sending. Remember this offer is open for a few weeks only. The first three hundred applicants only will secure these bargains. Don't send money now, but see what you buy.

Send for FREE PATTERNS. Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions, and easy self-measure form to—

H. THOMAS & CO. (Dept. J.B.),
14, Pitlake Bridge, W. Croydon Surrey.

A NICE FUR

lends charm and distinction to the wearer. Our Fur Department offers lovely Furs at lowest prices on Easy Terms. Only small payment required with order, and monthly payments afterwards if satisfied. Write for Catalogue of all favourite varieties at a Guinea to Five Guineas upwards. Full Approval. 30 years character for straightforward trading.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

A Child's Tears

"I BEGIN to feel I would do anything and ask anyone for help for her," says Evelyn's mother. So we pass on the appeal to our readers.

In Evelyn's short life of six years she has suffered so many ailments that her little shoulders are weighed down with the sense of her own infirmity and the knowledge that she is an added care to her parents.

Little Evelyn

Her father, an ex-Service man, is an unskilled general labourer, and here is her mother's account of things:

"Ever since I was married in 1921 we have been really right up against it. During that year when my husband became unemployed our first baby was born. We lost him when he was three months old.

"My husband has done fourteen years' service for King and country. He suffered with malaria, and suffers still, but he has no pension.

"In 1923 we tried to get to Australia. After going through the formalities and getting doctor's certificates, we were turned down by the Australian Government because I was not too strong and was expecting a child.

"Since then my husband has been in and out of work, perhaps getting six months' employment and then out for eighteen months."

As for Evelyn, who is the eldest of their surviving three children, "hardly six months go by," said her mother, "without she has something the matter with her. She has had many attacks of measles; she has had diphtheria, scarlet fever, mumps and operation to tonsils."

The reason for her bandaged eye is that the last attack of measles affected her eyes. Her nerves are in a bad way, and she easily bursts into tears.

She needs nourishing food and clothing before she can be sent to a convalescent home.

These are wants we feel confident our readers will supply by sending gifts in clothes and money to "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

W. Stainthorpe (Goodmayes), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Fears (Brighton), 5s.; Mrs. Ida Barrett (Gateshead-on-Tyne), 2s. 6d.; William Tuke (Bony Maen), 2s.; Mrs. R. F. Todd (Forfar), 6d.; Arsenal Supporter, 2s.; W. W. B., 2s.; Mrs. Brett, 2s.; J. Gardner, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Barrow), 2s. 6d.; Helpmate, 5s.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Bill and Lott, 2s.; F. Pollard, 2s.; Grace Darling, 2s.; One Who Sympathises, 5s.; A. E. (Edinburgh), 7s. 6d.; S. W. 19.2202, 1s.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 10s.; Anon., 10s.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; Sympathetic Family (Handsworth), 3s.; Laus Deo, 1s.; Mrs. E. Cox (Retford), 1s.; M. E. R., 1s.; A Ninth, 4d.; Mrs. E. Bowes (Barrow-in-Furness), 10s.; Anon. (Glasgow), 10s.; Anon. (Uxbridge), 10s.; B. Hanley, 5s.; Norvic Oyster, 2s. 6d.; R. H. (Auchinblae), 2s.; H. O. W., 2s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Anon. (Widnes), 1s.; 9th from Elland, 1s. 4d.; Mr. S. Grunnah, 1s.; The 9th, 3d.; Punter's Tithe, 2s.; D. Beale (Folkestone), 2s. 6d.; A. Burrell (Leicester), 10s.; Billie, 4½d.; Kitty and Cyril, 1s.; Anon (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 10s.; Braw Lad (Galashiels), 10s.; C. L. P., 2s. 6d.; W. R. O. (Southleigh), 1s. 3d.; Augustin Hope, 1s.; Mrs. N. Tanswell, £1 1s.; Major G. B. J. Athoe, £1 1s.; Anon. (Aldershot), 10s.; Anonymie, 10s.; Margaret, 10s.; Mr. C. A. B. Lowe (Londonderry), 7s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

FIRE Fighters!

Keeping the dread enemy at bay.

THE fireman with his axe may help to stop the flames spreading, but JOHN BULL will make good the havoc. Between the two you are fully protected. Sign the Registration Form below now and cheat the Fire Fiend.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper to pay Fire Benefits.

From Fire, Storm, Sickness, Accident, "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 14/6/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my agent for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a reader.

.....
Reader's Signature

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send cash. A certificate setting out the full terms and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

WELL WORTH £1.

"Pen and Pencil are both perfect. The nib exactly suits my style and will be a treasure. I reckon pen and pencil are well worth a pound. The Pencil too is all that could be desired."
—Miss A. Jackson, Bradford.

CASH THE COUPONS!

Everybody's cashing the coupons! A wonderful opportunity to become the possessor of a JOHN BULL Pen, with which is presented a

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil Free!

The Pen is fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Each is accompanied by written guarantee. The Pencil is heavily plated, complete with re-fills.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance "& Co." (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SEVENTY BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES FOR 'BULLETS'!

GO FOR A "JOHN BULL" HOLIDAY!

OVER seventy "Bulleteers" will have a big help with their holiday expenses from this week's prize-list, and you may be amongst them. A First Prize of £300 and others of £50 and £25 are followed by seventy other substantial cheques, including a sheaf of our famous "Holiday Fivers."

You have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* given on this page.

Suppose you choose the *Example* IN COMES HUBBY AND, the addition of the words OUT COMES HIS INCOME would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Study the winning "Bullets" below—then go ahead and join our first big batch of seventy holiday prize-winners!

"BULLETS" No. 760—£300 FIRST PRIZE.

Mrs. Whitelaw, 5, Heriot Hill Terrace, Edinburgh.

Example:—BEGINNING TO TELL
Bullet:—YEARS—THEN BEGINNING TELLS.

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. Worrall, 47, Chorley Street, Warrington.
Example—Ideal Companion
Bullet—Sticks "—When World "Stones"

THIRD PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. A. Forder, 45, Tymawr Street, Swansea.
Example—Trying To Improve
Bullet—For Electors Trying Improvement.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. G. Taylor, 29, Vernham Road, Plumstead, S.E.
Example—The Treaty's Signed, But
Bullet—Arms" Shuffled Spells "Mars."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. D. Kerr, 39, Stock Orchard Crescent, London, N.
Example—The Brewers
Bullet—Making *Shareholders* "See D

15 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

R. CA[illegible]N, 33, Broadway, Skerton, Lancs.
Example—To Improve—Daily—Benefited Me
Bullet—[illegible]

W. CL[illegible]OFSLEY, 8, Melrose Road, Pinner.
Example—Good Arguing When—Everybody's
Bullet—Bar Me!

P. C[illegible], 8, Milnthorpe Road, Chiswick.
Example—Sunny Side—Till "Multiple
Bullet—ties" Spread.

B. C[illegible]NS, 36, St. George Street, Norwich.
Example—Treaty's Signed, But—The Treaty's
Bullet—Signed.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

S. A. CREGAN, Kia-Ora, Shenfield Gardens, Hutton, Essex.
The Slum Problem—Unsolved—" Bend Over." Ramsay!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

W. DANIEL, 22, High Street, South Elmsall.
Ideal Companion—Sonny Soon Fighting With.

P. DUNN, 5, Orgrave Mill, Dalton-in-Furness.
Mostly — "Quicksands" — Communists' "Golden Shore."

G. MEASURES, High Street, Swinstead.
Sorry Truth—Clairvoyant's—" You Waste Money."

Mrs. THOMSON, 70, High Street, Haddington.
Older—The World—Much "Whiter"?

C. TIFFANY, Church Corner, Lindley.
We Haven't Forgotten—Packet Design, Election "Seeds."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10 . EACH:

A. BRIGHAM, 86, Topsham Road, Tooting.
Sorry Truth "Cleanest" Books Are Dustiest.

G. E. BROWN, 15, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
Not Illegal Yet—Gambling on *Four* Wheels.

Mrs. K. ELLIOTT, Glenmount, Newtownards.
More Palatable—Poverty, With "Sweet Nothings."

W. H. JENKINS, 122, City Road, Cardiff.
Off Go The Horses And—Hope "Rises"—Then "Flies."

H. KNIGHTS, 2, Lancaster Yard, Bayswater.
Off Go The Horses And—She Wants Bet Changed!

W. RICHARDSON, 95, Forest Gate, Anstey, Leicester.
If I Could Afford It—We would "I Will."

G. WASNIDGE, 36, Alison Crescent, Sheffield.
The Rent Man Dogging Me—I'm "Behind."

T. WILLIAMS, Netherend, Birmingham.
The Brewers—"Swimming"—Thanks To "Water."

Mrs. WITHERS, 223, Grovehill Road, Beverley.
Why I Don't—Go Racing Rate Walking.

J. YOUNG, 28, Rosemeath Place, Edinburgh.
Maxton Needs "Clip Over Ear."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.
A list of 25 £1, 50 10s., 400 5s. and 2,000 2s. 6d winners can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for 2,560 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner for "Bullets" No. 760 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. Kelly, 836, Stratford Road, Birmingham.

If you wish to send in further 'Bullets' you can write them on plain paper.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 764

WONDERING WHY
MEAN BUSINESS
SHOWS WHAT HE'S WORTH
CUT
UP THE GARDEN
WORD OF WARNING
ON THE QUIET
DIVING INTO HIS POCKETS
UNCHECKED
BEFORE HER
MASTER OF THE HOUSE
EVERY DAY
HE COULD TALK, BUT
RISING
MR. DREAMER
ROLL AWAY, CLOUDS
WITH SPADE IN HAND
IN COMES HUBBY AND
WEALTH
THANKS TO THE BAND
WHAT THE TRIPPER SAID
CRITICAL TIME
GIRL IN THE CHORUS
WICKED
CAUSED AN UPROAR
TAKEN IN
STIRRING
ALL AT SEA
TRUSTED
A SHILLING OR
AT THE AUCTION
LIKE A SNAIL

Example _____ Closing SAT., June 21
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(764) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., June 21
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(764) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., June 21
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(764) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., June 21
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(764) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

ADDRESS ENTRIES: 'Bullets' No. 764, 'John Bull,' Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Free weekly help awaits you in *Bullets Bulletin*. Sample copy sent to applicants who enclose halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. (crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL) brings 12 weeks' issues post paid. Address:—"Bulletin" Dept.

Examples for "Bullets" No. 763.

Play Up, Ramsay—To Us—Thinking Of Home—The Blind—Letting—Empire Loaf—His Master—Girl Who Can Fly—Eating His Heart Out—The Next Generation—She Went Bathing, But—Overlooked—Fine Tonic—Scratching His Head—Ticklish Job—If I'm In The Next War—Sat On—Rebels—Message Of Hope—In The Running—Sensible Couple—Weathering The Storm—Off The Map—Unpardonable—For Work—No Good—Only To Be Expected—Glaring Example—Mother's Joy—Call Of The Sea—Pen v. Sword—In Days To Come—Works Wonders—Ahead Of Time—Breath Of Scandal—Obligingly—On The Seaside Front—What We're Looking For—Stirring Up Trouble—If Everybody Helped. (Closing Saturday, July 5.)

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE,

the great actor, writes: "Once having used 'Shavex' I could not use anything else. Nothing I have used before has left the skin so delightfully firm and fresh and in such a perfect condition. I shave in a quarter of the time."

Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS,

the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour and find it wonderful. I get a fine, close, comfortable shave, and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver.

SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh. After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

JACK: Good heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner and may miss the speeches.

REG.: It's no use. I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days, my skin is too sore and shaving soap only makes it worse.

JACK: Good lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method! Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin, and all the soreness will disappear.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT

Large Tube **1/-** *Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months)* **1/6**

A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND 3 SHAVEX SUPER BLADES FOR—

WONDERFUL REDUCTION.

6D

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Of all Chemists and Stores.

One Blade 3d. instead of **4d.**

Packet of 5 Blades 1/3

MARVELLOUS OFFER OF SHAVEX SUPER BLADES.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

for Three Shavex Super Blades and a Sample Tube of Shavex, Post Free. Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 6d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Healed in a Night

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

"Zee-Kol cured my Erysipelas."

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Arabia Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

"A wonderful Soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."—Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

"Unlike other soaps it does not dry up the skin, but has a softening and stimulating effect. It is a Perfect Soap."—Miss Madge Titheradge.

"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."—Miss Phyllis Dare.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—

These are the wholesale prices of some of the materials used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare these prices to Almond Oil, which is 3/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

OLIVE OIL costs 7d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 3/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

"Your Zee-Kol is excellent for the skin and a perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful Soap."—Miss Fay Compton.

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Soap and I will always use it and recommend it to all my friends."—Miss Phyllis Monkman.

"A wonderful and soothing Soap for the skin. My skin is very sensitive so I am happy to find such a perfect soap."—Miss Kyrle Bellew.

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